



E. F. Burney del.

A. Smith sculp

———— Sweet • Music breathe,
 Above, about, or underneath, —
 Sent by some Spirit to • Mortals Good.

Milton's Il Penseroso.

Published by J. Evans, 1791.

THE

SKETCHBOOK.



BEING

an Elegant Collection of

the BEST and NEWEST SONGS in the

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora.

Virgil. Georgicon. Lib. 4.

L O N D O N.

Printed for J. EVANS, Pater-noster Row.



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THE

SKY - LARK.

BID me, when forty winters more
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow,
When from my head a scanty store,
Lankly the wither'd tresses flow;
When the warm tide, that, bold and strong,
Now rolls impetuous on and free,
Languid and slow, scarce steals along;
Then bid me court sobriety,
Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the vary'd scene
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age should reason, youth desire.
Shall then that rebel man presume,
Inverted nature's law, to seize
The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
And join impossibilities?
And join impossibilities?

Let me waste the frolic May
In wanton joy and wild excess;
In revel sport, and laughter gay,
And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness.
Woman, the soul of all delights,
And wine, the aid of love, be near;
All charms me that to joy incites,
And ev'ry she that's kind is fair,
And ev'ry she that's kind is fair.

B

My

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joys for a goblet of wine,
 And barter all joys for a goblet of wine.
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's ton;
 No longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's ton.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman, whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart;
 The miser himself, so supreme is her sway,
 Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,
 And Poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;
 While Age, in an ecstasy, hobb'ling along,
 Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on his board;
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
 'Tis the thirst a lover—and pledge me who dare!

HEY my kitten, a kitten,
 And hey my kitten a deary;
 Such a sweet babe as this,
 Is neither far nor neary.
 Here we go up up up,
 And here we go down down downy,
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round round roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lily-cock,
 See, see, see, sic a downy;

Gallop

Gallop a trot trot trot,
 And hey for Dublin towny.
 This pig went to market,
 Squeak mouse, squeak mouse, mousy ;
 Shoe, shoe, shoe, the wild colt ;
 And here's thy own dol dowfy.

Where was a jewel and pretty ?
 And where was a sugar and spicy ?
 Hush-a-by babe in a cradle,
 And we'll go abroad in a tricy.
 Did-a papa torment it ?
 Did-e vex his own baby, did-e ?
 Hush-a-by babe in a bosie ;
 Take ous own sucky, did-e ?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke ;
 Slaver's a thread of crystal ;
 Now the sweet posset comes up ;
 Who said my jewel was piss'd-all ?
 Come water, my chicken, come, cock ;
 Leave off, or he'll crawl ye, he'll crawl ye.
 Come, give me a hand, and I'll beat him :
 Who was it vex'd my baby ?

Where was a laugh and a crow ?
 And where was a giggling honey ?
 Goody good child shall be fed,
 But naughty child shall get noney.
 Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody bones,
 Here is a child that don't fear ye.
 Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,
 And ik ik ay, my deary.

THERE was an old man ; and, though 'tis not
 common,
 Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman ;

And though 'tis incredible, yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry, he long'd for some meat ;
And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat ;
When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or ever could see without light,
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night ;
He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,
And has fall'n fast asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he
walk'd ;
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd
burst,
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen ;
For, if 'twere not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean.
He shew'd his teeth most when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his
chin.

Among other strange things that befell this good
yeoman,
He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a wo-
man ;
And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks said, he was not very well ;
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no phy-
sician.

What

What pity he dy'd ! yet 'tis said that his death
 Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath.
 But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder ;
 Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd have been a day older.

A COBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and
 hall.

No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate ;
 No ambition had he, nor yet duns at his gate.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,
 If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy ;
 He'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most
 sweet,
 Saying, Just to a hair I've made both ends to meet.
 Derry down, &c.

But Love, the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
 He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart ;
 I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.
 Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay :
 Her eyes shone so bright, when she rose ev'ry day,
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.
 Derry down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work ;
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :
 Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and would
 flee,
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.
 Derry down, &c.

He took up his AWL that he had in the world,
 And to make away with himself he resolv'd ;
 He pierc'd through his body, instead of the SOLE ;
 So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.
 Derry down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise as a friend,
 All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's end ;
 Keep your hearts out of love ; for we find by what's
 past,
 That love brings us all to an END at the LAST.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

YOU may do as you will, but I'll fling away care :
 I'll sport with the swains, and I'll toy with
 the fair ;

For joys yet unknown I may find springing there,
 For joys yet unknown I may find springing there :
 And 'tis better by half
 Love and nectar to quaff ;

All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh,
 All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh.

Till lately there liv'd not so wretched an elf :
 I tended my flocks, and sought nothing but pelf ;
 Car'd little for others, but much for myself :
 But 'tis better by half, &c.

But wishes for more are all foolish and vain,
 And thought for to-morrow brings nothing but pain ;
 Enjoying to-day I shall find the best gain :
 For 'tis better by half, &c.

Come over to me, all ye gay blooming throng,
 And take it, the way to be blest the year long,
 Is to welcome sweet love, wine, and soul-cheering
 song :
 And 'tis better by half, &c.

Then

Then Care, with his wrinkles, I give to the wind ;
 To mirth from this moment my heart is inclin'd ;
 I'm sure of my bliss, for the nymphs will be kind ;
 More happy by half,
 Love and nectar to quaff ;
 All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass ;
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my
 glafs :

But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
 And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare ;
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair :
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own ;
 But though she could smile, yet in truth she could
 frown :

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time ;
 But, in wine from its age, such benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been
 cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :

But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends ;
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
With nurfes, and babies, and squalling, and strife ;
But my wine neither nurfes nor babies can bring,
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage ;
It brings on difeases, and hafpens old-age :
But wine from grim death can its votaries fave,
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the
grave.

Perhaps, like her fex, ever falfe to their word,
She had left me—to get an eftate or a lord ;
But my bumper, regarding nor titles nor pelf,
Will ftand by me when I can't ftand by myfelf.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain :
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain ;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I fpy.—
Should you doubt what I fay, take a bumper and try.

IN fpite of love, at length I find
A miftrefs that can pleafe me :
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both day and night ſhe'll eafe me.
No jealous thoughts difturb my mind,
'Though ſhe's enjoy'd by all mankind :
Then drink and never fpare it,
'Tis a bottle of good claret.
Chorus, Then drink, &c.

If you, through all her naked charms,
Her little mouth difcover,
Then take her blufhing to your arms,
And ufe her like a lover :

Such

Such liquor she'll distill from thence,
 As will transport your ravish'd sense :
 Then kifs, and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.
 Then kifs, &c.

But, best of all ! she has no tongue ;
 Submissive she obeys me ;
 She's fully better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me :
 Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
 And has a most delicious smack.
 Then kifs, and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret :
 Then kifs, &c.

If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, fir ;
 Clap your hand about her waist,
 And raise her up behind, fir.
 As for her bottom, never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out.
 Then drink, and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret :
 Then drink, &c.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams
 with mild ale,
 In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale,
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
 In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,
 And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.
 He bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In a flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With

With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old flingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale ;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

DIOGENES, surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there is truth ;
 But growing as poor as a Job,
 And unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus would never deny
 A bumper to cherish his heart ;
 And, when he was maudlin, would cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart :
 Though some were so foolish to think
 He wept at men's folly and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink
 Till the liquor ran out at his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 To tittle, and cherish his soul ;
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a jolly full bowl.
 While his cellar with wine was well stor'd,
 His liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
 And, when he was drunk as a lord,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Coper-

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine;
 And knew that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine:
 With wine he replenished his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel;
 Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine;
 For what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine:
 His belly, some authors agree,
 Was as big as a watering trough;
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
 He saw that no object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was
 Before he had liquor'd his beard;
 For things running round in his drink,
 Which sober he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the sceptic to think
 There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 Who wisely to virtue was prone;
 But, had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
 By wine we are generous made;
 It furnishes fancy with wings;
 Without it, we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

WHAT Cato advises, most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
 To

To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,

Indulging at night for the toils of the day.

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,

His bags will decrease, while his health does decay ;

Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,

And pass the long evening in pleasures away.

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party ;

With some tender fair each bright bumper is crown'd ;

Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus delights us,

While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.

See here's our physician, we know no ambition,

But where there's good wine and good company found ;

Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,

'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

WHEN first to Cambridge we do come,

Tol lol lol lol lol lol la,

From mama's dear beloved home,

Tol lol lol lol lol lol la,

First we must have a new cap and gown,

And next the prettiest girl in town.

Tol lol, &c.

Then next a tutor we must have :

'Tis ten to one he proves a knave,

Who minds not what we do all day,

So we come home at night, and pray.

Then strait he buys us Aristotle,

Which we pawn often for a bottle ;

And Euclid's Elements must pack,

For a better element, good sack.

Then

Then he writes home unto our friends,
 For money to serve his own ends,
 Which he keeps safe lock'd up in trunk,
 Whilst we abroad are getting drunk.

Item for Homer, that blind poet ;
 Be sure your tutor does not know it :
 But we'll smoke, and drink, and merry be,
 Until we are as blind as he.

Then hang all studying to no end ;
 Enjoy your bottle and your friend :
 We'll drink, and smoke, and take our fill ;
 We may be parsons when we will.

NOW we're free from college rules,
 From common-place-book reason,
 From trifling syllogistic schools,
 And systems out of season.
 Never more we'll have defin'd
 If matter thinks or thinks not :
 All the matter we shall mind,
 Is he who drinks or drinks not.

Metaphysically to trace
 The mind or soul abstracted,
 Or prove infinity of space,
 By cause on cause effected :
 Better souls we can't become,
 By immaterial thinking ;
 And, as to space, we want no room,
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
 Are learned words, and rare too ;
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,
 And those who please may hear too :

C

A plenum

A *plenum* in our wine we shew,
 With *plus* and *plus* behind, fir;
 But, when our cash is *minus*, low,
 A *vacuum* soon we find, fir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
 Dan Tycho's error proving,
 Declares, in I can't tell what page,
 The earth round Sol is moving:
 But which goes round, what's that to us?
 Each is perhaps a notion;
 With earth and sun we make no fust,
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd
 By superstitious fury;
 Antipodeans were abus'd
 By ignoramus jury:
 But feet to feet we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy;
 For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,
 We're tumbling topsy-turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
 And diff'rent colours knew, fir;
 But don't let us disturb our heads
 With any more than two, fir:
 White and red our glasses boast,
 Reflection and refraction;
 Yet after him we'll name our toast,
 The centre of attraction.

On that thesis we'll declaim,
 With *stratum super stratum*;
 There's mighty magic in the name,
 'Tis nature's *postulatum*:
 Wine in nature's next to love,
 Then wisely let us blend 'em;
 First, though, physically prove,
 That *nunc tempus est bibendum*.

ATTEND all, I pray, to the words I've to say,
In tablet of mem'ry insert 'em.

Rich wines do us raise to the honour of bays :

Quam non fecere disertum ?

Tol de rol de rol lol lol lol lol.

Of all the brisk juice the gods can produce,

Good claret preferr'd is before 'em ;

'Tis claret shall strait happy mortals create,

Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all ale, and beer that is stale,

Rosa solis, and damnable *hum* ;

But sparkling bright red shall raise up its head

Above *omne quod exit in um.*

This, this is the wine, which, in former time,

Each wise-one of men they call'd Magi

Was wont to carouse in a chaplet of boughs,

Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane, let the rope be their
shame,

Let the gout and the colic still pine 'em,

That offer to shrink, in taking their drink,

Seu Græcum sive Latinum.

Let the glass fly about till the bottle is out,

Let each do to each as he's done to ;

Avaunt those that hug th' abominable jug !

Amongst us *heteroclita sunt*.

There's no such disease as he that doth please

His palate with beer, for to shame us :

'Tis claret that brings Madam Fancy her wings,

And says—*Musa, majora canamus.*

He's either a mute, or does poorly dispute,

That drinketh not wine as we men do :

The more wine a man drinks, the more like subtle
 sphynx,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

Art thou weak, art thou lame, dost thou sigh after
 fame?

Call for wine, and thou quickly shalt have it :
 It will make the lame rise, it will make the fool
 wife,
Cui vim Natura negavit.

The more wine in my brain, the more merry my
 vein ;

And this to me wisdom and bliss is :
 For him that's too wise I can justly despise ;
Mecum confertur Ulysses.

HAIL, Burgundy, thou juice divine,
 Inspirer of my song !
 The praises giv'n to other wine
 To thee alone belong.
 Of poignant wit and rosy charms
 Thou canst the pow'r improve ;
 Care of its sting thy balm disarms,
 Thou noblest gift of Jove !
 Care of its sting thy balm disarms,
 Thou noblest gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus, on the parent-vines
 From whence thy current streams,
 Sweet-smiling, through the tendril shines,
 And lavish darts his beams.
 The pregnant grape receives his fires,
 And all his force retains ;
 With that same warmth our brain inspires,
 And animates our strains.
 With that, &c.

From

From thee, my Chloe's radiant eye
 New sparkling beams receives ;
 Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye ;
 Her beauteous bosom heaves.
 Summon'd to love by thy alarms,
 Oh ! with what nervous heat !
 Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,
 And oft our blifs repeat.
 Worthy the fair, &c.

The stoic, prone to thought intense,
 Thy softness can unbend ;
 A cheerful gaiety dispense,
 And make him taste a friend.
 His brow grows clear, he feels content,
 Forgets his pensive strife ;
 And then concludes his time well spent
 In honest social life.
 And then, &c.

E'en beaux, those soft amphibious things,
 Wrapt up in self and dress,
 Quite lost to the delight that springs
 From sense, thy pow'r confess.
 The fop, with chitty maudlin face,
 That dares but deeply drink,
 Forgets his cue and stiff grimace,
 Grows free, and seems to think.
 Forgets his cue, &c.

R ALL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses ;
 Wisdom at the bottom lies.
 Fill them higher still and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;

Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.
 Sipping quenches, &c.

Draw the scene for Wit and Pleasure ;
 Enter Jollity and Joy ;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ.
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage ;
 And, when Death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.
 And, when Death, &c.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul ;
 To the Nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair and ever young.
 When full cups my cares expel,
 Sober counsel then farewell.
 Let the winds that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.
 Let the winds that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
 Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs.
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
 (Richest fragrance flowing round),
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain.

When,

When, from goblets deep and wide,
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

BY the gaily-circling glafs,
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport away.
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you !

By the silence of the owl,
 By the chirping on the thorn,
 By the butts that empty roll,
 We foretell th' approach of morn.
 Fill, then, fill the vacant glafs,
 Let no precious moment slip :—
 Flout the moralizing as ;
 Joys find entrance at the lip.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can
 give.

The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love,
 And she in return yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
 All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain.
 The fair splendid palace grows dark as the grave.
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what ye gave.
 Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what ye gave.

THE

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.
 Then farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
 Sure the puny fops are free,
 To rid me of dull company.
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please :
 I love them much, but more my ease.
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest :
 Why should they e'er give me pain
 Who to give me joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal man
 Is to love me whilst he can.

YOU know that our ancient philosophers hold,
 There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or
 gold ;
 That bliss in externals no mortal can find :
 And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their
 mind.

What makes a man happy I never can doubt ;
 'Tis something within him, and nothing without.
 This something, they say, was the source of con-
 tent ;
 And, whatever they call'd it, 'twas wine that they
 meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin ;
 But, ye gods ! how divine, if ye get it within !

'Tis

'Tis then of all blessings the flourishing root ;
And, in spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting, the soul is depress'd,
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast :
But, with wine at our hearts, we are always in love ;
We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The richest and greatest are poor, and repine,
If with gold and with grandeur you give them no
wine ;

But, wine to the peasant or slave if you bring,
He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a King.

With wine at my heart I am happy and free ;
Externals without it are nothing to me.
Come, fill ; and this truth from a bumper you'll
know :—

That wine, wine alone, is our blessing below.

YE lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret,
Releas'd from the the trouble of thinking :
A fool long ago said we could nothing know ;
The fellow knew nothing of drinking.
To pore over Plato, or practise with Cato,
Dispassionate dunces might make us :
But men, now more wise, self-denial despise,
And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the doctor approach ;
He solemnly up the stairs paces ;
Looks grave—smells his cane—applies finger to
vein,
And counts the repeats with grimaces.
As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at stand—
A tofs-up which party shall take us.

Away

Away with such cant—no prescriptions we want,
But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,
While misers 'midst plenty are pining;
While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mourning,
We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.
Drink, drink, now 'tis prime; toss a bottle to
Time,
He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us:
His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,
By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

What work is there made by the newspaper trade,
Of this man's and t'other man's station!
'The ins are all bad, and the outs are all mad;
In and out is the cry of the nation.
The politic patter which both parties chatter
From bumpering freely shan't shake us:
With half-pints in hand, independent we'll stand
To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motions well tim'd; be all charg'd and all
prim'd:
Have a care—right and left—and make ready.
Right hand to glass join—at your lips rest your wine—
Be all in your exercise steady.
Our levels we boast, when our women we toast;
May graciously they undertake us!
No more we desire—so drink and give fire,
A volley to Beauty and Bacchus!

LET a set of sober asses
Rail against the joys of drinking,
While water, tea,
And milk, agree
To set cold brains a thinking.

Power

Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth, in wine are crown'd ;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found,
Only where the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness
All differ'd in opinion ;
But wiser rules
Of modern schools
In wine fix her dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
Makes glow the cheeks of beauty ;
Makes poets write,
And soldiers fight,
And friendship do its duty.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon
Whence poets are long-liv'd so ;
'Twas no other main
Than brisk champaign,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
Power and wealth, &c.

When heaven in Pandora's box
All kind of ill had sent us,
In a merry mood
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up to content us.
Power and wealth, &c.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of ev'ry vice destroyer ;

Gives

Gives dullards wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,
Our care and sorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's soul,
And a Christian ne'er should own him.
Power and wealth, &c.

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
Laugh, and wordly care despise ;
Sorrow ne'er will bring relief ;
Joy from drinking will arise.
Why should we, with wrinkled care,
Change what nature made so fair ?
Drink, and set the heart at rest ;
Of a bad market make the best.

Busy brains we know, alas !
With imaginations run ;
Like the sand i'th' hour-glass,
Turn'd and turn'd, and still run on,
Never knowing where to stay,
But uneasy every way.
Drink, and set the heart at rest ;
Peace of mind is always best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honours high aspire :
Give me freedom, give me health ;
There's the sum of my desire.
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content.

Drink,

Drink, and set your hearts at rest ;
Of a bad market make the best.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be ;
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar with liquor well stor'd,
My brave boys,
And a cellar with liquor well stor'd ?

My vault-door is open—descend and improve :
That cask, sir, aye, that we will try ;
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck ;
'Twill light us the bottle to hand.
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound these pipes, they're in tune ; search the bins,
they're well fill'd ;
View that heap of old hock in the rear.
Yon bottles are Burgundy ; mark how they're
pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp ; my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review :
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman, my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout.
He cry'd, when he had no more worlds to destroy :
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

D

'Tis

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
 No *HIC JACET* be cut on my stone;
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
 And say that his drinking is done.

SINCE there's so small diff'rence 'twixt drowning
 and drinking,
 We'll tipple, and pray too, like mariners sinking.
 While they drink salt-water, we'll pledge 'em in
 wine,
 And pay our devotion at Bacchus's shrine.
 O Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us,
 And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us!

From cens'ring the State, and what passes above,
 From a surfeit of cabbage, from law-suits, and love,
 From meddling with swords, and such dangerous
 things,
 And handling of guns in defending of kings,
 O Bacchus, &c.

From riding a jade that will start at a feather,
 From ending a journey with loss of much leather,
 From the folly of dying with grief or despair,
 With our heads in the water, or heels in the air,
 O Bacchus, &c.

From the usurer's gripe, from the knaves who tre-
 pan,
 That boldly pretend to do more than they can,
 From the scolding of women, and bite of mad dogs,
 And wandering over wild Irish bogs,
 O Bacchus, &c.

From hunger and thirst, empty bottles and glasses,
 From those whose religion consists in grimaces,
 From

From e'er being cheated by female decoys,
 From hum'ring old men, and from reas'ning with
 boys,
 O Bacchus, &c.

From those little troublesome insects and flies,
 That think themselves pretty, or witty, or wise,—
 From carrying a quartan, for mortification,
 As long as a Ratisbon consultation,—
 O Bacchus, great Bacchus, for ever defend us ;
 And plentiful store of good Burgundy send us !

IN Charles the Second's merry days,
 For wanton frolics noted,
 A lover of cabals I was,
 With wine like Bacchus bloated.
 I preach'd unto my crowded pews,
 Wine was by God's command, fir ;
 And damn'd was he who did refuse
 To drink while he could stand, fir.
 And this is law I will maintain
 Unto my dying day, fir :—
 That, whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll drink a gallon a day, fir.

When James the sot assum'd the throne,
 He strove to stand alone, fir ;
 But quickly got so drunk, that down
 He tumbled from the throne, fir.
 One morning,—crop-sick, pale, and queer,
 By sitting up with gay men,—
 He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe
 Deny the cup to laymen.
 And this is law, &c.

Then Will, the tippling Dutchman fav'd
 Our liberties from sinking ;

We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd
 The privilege of thinking.
 He drank your Holland's gin, 'tis said,
 And held predetermination :
 Fool ! not to to know the tippling trade
 Admits no trepidation !
 And this is law, &c.

When brandy-Nan became our queen,
 'Twas all a drunken story ;
 I sat and drank from morn till e'en,
 And so was thought a Tory.
 Brim full of wine, all sober folks
 We damn'd, and moderation ;
 And for right Nantz, we pawn'd to France
 Our dearest reputation.
 And this is law, I will maintain,
 For ever and for aye, fir :
 That, whether king or queen shall reign,
 I'll drink a gallon a day, fir.

King George the First then fill'd the throne,
 And took the resolution
 To drink all sorts of liquors known,
 To save the Constitution.
 He drank success in rare old rum.
 Unto the State and Church, fir,
 Till with a dose of Brunswick mum,
 He dropp'd from off the perch, fir.
 And this is law, &c.

King George the Second then arose,
 A wise and valiant soul, fir :
 He lov'd his people, beat his foes,
 And push'd about the bowl, fir.
 He drank his fill to Chatham Will,
 To heroes, for he chose 'em ;
 With us true Whigs he drank until
 He slept in Abrah'm's bosom.
 And this is law, &c.

His present Majesty then came,
 Whom heaven long preserve, fir !
 He glorv'd in a Briton's name,
 And swore he'd never swerve, fir.
 'Though evil counsellors may think
 His love from us to sever,
 Yet let us loyal Britons drink—
 King George the Third for ever !
 And this is law I will maintain,
 For ever and for aye, fir :—
 That, whatsoever king shall reign,
 I'll drink both night and day, fir.

TWO gods of great honour, Bacchus and Apollo,
 One famous in music, the other in wine,
 In heaven were raving, disputing, and braving,
 Whose theme was the noblest, and trade most di-
 vine.

Your music, says Bacchus, would stun us, and rack us,
 Did claret not soften the discord you make,
 Songs are not inviting, nor verses delighting,
 Till poets of my great influence partake.

I'm young, plump, and jolly, free from melan-
 choly ;

Who ever grew fat by the sound of a string ?
 Rogues doom'd to a gibbet, do often contribute
 To purchase a bottle before they dare swing.

In love I am noted, by old and young courted :

A girl, when inspir'd by me, is soon won.

So great are the motions of one of my potions,

The Muses, though maids, I could whore ev'ry
 one.

When mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or indebted,
 To me, as a father, for succour they cry :

In their sad conditions, I hear their petitions ;
 A bottle revives the oppress'd votary.
 Then leave off your tooting, your fiddling and flut-
 ting ;
 Afide throw your harp, and now bow to a fl. sk.
 My joys they are riper than songs from a piper :
 What music is sweeter than sounding a cask ?

Says Phœbus—This fellow is drunk, sure, or mel-
 low,
 To prize music less than wine and October ;
 When those who love drinking are past thoughts of
 thinking,
 And want so much wit as to keep themselves so-
 ber.
 As they were thus wrangling, a scolding, and jang-
 ling,
 Came buxom bright Venus, to end the dispute :
 Says she—Now to ease ye, Mars best of all pleas'd
 me,
 When arm'd with a bottle, and charm'd with a
 flute.

Your music has charm'd me, your wine has alarm'd
 me,
 When I have been coy, and been hard to be won :
 When both have been moving, I could not help
 loving ;
 And wine has completed what music begun.
 The gods, struck with wonder, vow'd both, by Jove's
 thunder,
 They'd mutually join in supplying love's flame,
 Since each, in their function, mov'd on in conjunc-
 tion,
 To melt with soft pleasures the amorous Dame.

A RIADNE one morning to Theseus was turning,
 When, missing her son, to the beach down
 she flew.

Her

Her cries unavailing, she saw, far off sailing,
His ship, 'fore the wind, less'ning swift to her
view.

She tore her fine hair, beat her breast in despair ;
Spread her arms to the skies, and sunk down in a
fwoon ;

When Bacchus, 'midst æther, begg'd leave of his fa-
ther

To comfort the Lady : Jove granted the boon.

Then, gently descending, her sorrows befriending,
His *thyrsus* he struck 'gainst the big-belly'd
earth,

When o'er the smooth gravel, in murmuring tra-
vel,

A spring of Champaign at her head bubbled
forth.

She, wak'd with the scent, gave her sorrows fresh
vent ;

Yet to drink she determin'd, exhausted by tears.

She tastes the Champaign, licks her lips—tastes
again,

And feels herself suddenly freed from her fears.

As still she kept sipping, her heart lightly leaping,
She look'd upon Thers. as a pitiful elf.

Wine turn'd her to singing, in hopes it would bring in
A lover——'twas lonely to drink by herself.

The god, her adorer, confess'd stood before her ;

She hail'd the celestial, she welcom'd the guest :

Champaign stopp'd resistance, she kept not her dis-
tance,

But jollily clasp'd the young buck to her breast.

Each girl, given over, betray'd by her lover,

To harts-horn, or salts, or salt-water, may fly ;

But we've an elixir will properly fix her,

If properly she'll the prescription apply.

The

The recipe's wholesome, 'tis beauty's best balsam ;
 For which we refuse, though, to pocket a fee.
 As gratis we give it, girls grateful receive it—
 So here's to the practice of love's *beaume de vie*.

BACCHUS, one day gaily striding
 On his never-failing ton,
 Sneaking empty pots deriding,
 Thus address'd each toping son :—
 Praise the joys that never vary,
 And adore the liquid thrine ;
 All things noble, gay, and airy,
 Are perform'd by generous wine.

Ancient heroes, crown'd with glory,
 Owe their noble rise to me ;
 Poets wrote the flaming story,
 Fir'd by my divinity.
 If my influence is wanting,
 Music's charms but slowly move ;
 Beauty, too, in vain lies panting,
 Till I fill the swains with love.

If you crave a lasting pleasure,
 Mortals, this way bend your eyes ;
 From my ever-flowing treasure,
 Charming scenes of bliss arise.
 Here's the soothing balmy blessing,
 Sole dispeller of your pain ;
 Gloomy souls from care releasing.
 He, who drinks not, lives in vain !

WHEN once the gods, like us below,
 To keep it up design,
 Their goblets with fresh nectar flow,
 Which makes them more divine.

Since

Since drinking deifies the soul,
 Let's push about the flowing bowl.
 Since drinking, &c.

The glitt'ring star, and ribband blue,
 That deck the courtier's breast,
 May hide a heart of blackest hue,
 Though by a king carefs'd.
 Let him in pride and splendour roll :
 We're happier o'er a flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

For liberty let patriots rave,
 And damn the courtly crew,
 Because, like them, they want to have
 The loaves and fishes too.
 I care not who divides the cole,
 So I can share a flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

Let Mansfield Lord-Chief-Justice be,
 Sir Fletcher Speaker still;
 At home let Sandwich rule the sea,
 And North the Treasury fill.
 No place I want throughout the whole,
 But one that's near a flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

The son wants Square-toes at old Nick,
 And Miss is mad to wed ;
 The doctor wants us to be sick ;
 The undertaker, dead.
 All have their wants from pole to pole :
 I want an ever-flowing bowl.
 A flowing bowl, &c.

LET soldiers fight for pay and praise,
 And money be the miser's with ;

Peer

Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish.
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls ;
Therefore give us cheering bowls.

Let minions marshal in their hair,
And in a lover's lock delight ;
And artificial colours wear ;
We have the native red and white.
'Tis wine, &c.

On pheasant, pout, and culver-salmon,
And how to please your palates, think :
Give us a salt Weitphalia gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink.
'Tis wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirits brave,
Those lively that before were dull ;
Those grow good fellows that were grave,
For kindness flows from cups brim-full.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some have the phthific, some the rheum ;
Some have the palsy, some the gout ;
Some swell with fat, and some consume ;
But they are found that drink all out.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk ;
Some men want wit, and some want wealth ;
But he wants nothing that is drunk.
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls ;
Therefore give us cheering bowls.

FROM good liquor ne'er shrink ;
In friendship we'll drink,

And

And drown all grim care and pale sorrow.
 Let us husband to-day ;
 For time flies swift away,
 And no one's assur'd of to-morrow.

Of all the grave sages
 That grac'd the past ages,
 Dad Noah the most did excel :
 He first planted the vine,
 First tasted the wine,
 And got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why should not we
 Get as bosky as he,
 Since here's liquor as well will inspire ?
 Thus I fill up my glass ;
 I'll see that it pass
 To the manes of that good old Sire.

GOD prosper long from being broke
 The *luck of Eden-hall :
 A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
 There lately did befall.

To chase the spleen with cup and can,
 Duke Philip took his way ;
 Babes yet unborn shall never see
 The like of such a day.

The stout and ever-thirty Duke
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure within Cumberland
 Three live-long nights to take.

Sir Musgrave, too, of Martindale,
 A brave and worthy knight,

Eftsoon

* *A pint bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.*

Estfoen with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
Six in a hand went round ;
And, with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall resound.

Now, when these merry tidings reach'd
The Earl of Harold's ears,
And am I (quoth he with an oath)
Thus slighted by my peers ?

Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick ;
And, master sheriff, come you too :
We'll know this scurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Harold come,
One did at table say.
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled Duke ;
How will he get away ?

When thus the Earl began : Great Duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me ; sure this
You did not learn in France ?

One of us two, for this offence,
Under the board shall lie.
I know thee well ; a Duke thou art ;
So some years hence shall I.

But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions here may drink
Ere they have had their fill.

Let

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide.
Accurs'd be he, Duke Wharton said,
By whom it is deny'd.

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the Duke espy'd
He had the Earl secure,
He ply'd him with a full pint glass,
And laid him on the floor :

Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downwards sunk :—
My, worthy friends, revenge my fall ;
Duke Wharton sees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, Duke Philip took
The sick man by the joint ;
And said—Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,
Would I had drunk this pint.

Alack ! my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me sink ;
For surely a more sober Earl
Did never swallow drink.

With that, the sheriff, in a rage,
To see the Earl so smit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer
Upon renown'd Sir Kit.

Then slepp'd a gallant 'Squire forth,
Of visage thin and pale !
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang-hall,
Fast by the River Twale :

E

Who

Who said he would not have it told,
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by :—
So, sheriff, I'm your man.

Now, when these tidings reach'd the room
Where the Duke lay in bed,
How that the 'Squire so suddenly
Upon the floor was laid :—

Oh ! heavy tidings, quoth the Duke ;
Cumberland witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to Earl Thanet came,
Within as short a space,
How that the under-sheriff too
Was fallen from his place.

Now God be with him, said the Earl,
Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my town
As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield ;
But, with a bumper in his hand,
He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did the dire contention end ;
And each man of the slain
Was quickly carried off to bed,
His senses to regain.

God bless the King, the Dukes fat,
And keep the land in peace ;
And grant that drunkenness henceforth,
'Mongst noblemen may cease !

And

And likewise blefs our royal Prince,
Our kingdom's other hope ;
And grant us grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope !

HERE is an old song, made by an old ancient
pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great
estate ;
Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate,
Like an old courtier of the queen's, and the queen's
old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger good words assuages,
Who ev'ry quarter pays her old servants their wages,
Who never knew what belongs to coachmen, foot-
men, and pages ;
But kept twenty or thirty old fellows with blue
clothes and badges :
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a study fill'd full of learned old books ;
With an old rev'rend parson—you may judge him
by his looks ;
With an old buttery-hatch, worn quite off the old
hooks ;
And an old kitchen, which maintains half-a-dozen
old cooks :
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung round about with guns, pikes,
and bows ;
With old swords and bucklers, which have borne
many shrewd blows ;

And an old fryfadoe coat, to cover his worship's
trunk hose ;
And a cup of old therry, to comfort his copper nose :
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old fashion, when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours, with bag-pipe and drum ,
And good cheer enough to furnish every old room ;
And old liquor, able to make a cat speak, and a wise
man dumb :
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a kennel of
hounds,
Which never hunted, nor hawk'd, but in his own
grounds ;
Who, like an old wife man, kept himself within his
own bounds ;
And, when he died, gave ev'ry child a thousand old
pounds :
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him, in his will, to keep the same bounti-
ful mind ;
To be good to his servants, and to his neighbours
kind.
But, in the ensuing ditty, you shall hear how he was
inclin'd,
Like a young courtier of the king's, &c.

Like a young gallant newly come to his land,
That keeps a brace of creatures at 's own command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon 's own bond,
And lieth drunk in a new tavern till he can neither
go nor stand :
Like a young courtier, &c.

With

With a neat lady that is fresh and fair,
 Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keep-
 ing or care ;

But buys several fans, to play with the wanton air,
 And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other women's
 hair :

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new hall built where the old one stood,
 Wherein is burned neither coal nor wood ;
 And a new shuffle-board table where never meat
 stood,

Hung round with pictures which do the poor little
 good :

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays ;
 With a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays ;
 With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or
 five days ;

With a French cook, French footman, and other
 new Frenchified ways :

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is come ;
 With a journey up to London—we must be gone,
 And leave no body at home but our new porter
 John,

Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back
 with a stone :

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a gentleman-usher, whose carriage is com-
 plete ;

With a footman, a coachman, a page to carry meat ;
 With a waiting-gentlewoman whose dressing is very
 neat,

Who, when the master has din'd, gives the servants
 little meat :

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new honour bought with his father's old
gold ;
That many of his father's old manors hath sold :
And this is the occasion that most men do hold
That good house-keeping is now-a-days grown so
cold :
Like a young courtier of the king's, &c.

I NOW have an ambition,
In this dead time of news,
To tell you the depolition of the
Christians, not of the Jews,
Against John, Duke of Marlborough.

Attend then, sons of Britain :
Of greater crimes I sing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the time of a queen or king ;
All done by John, Duke of Marlborough.

This man, by constitution,
Was made for liberty ;
He help'd the late Revolution,
On purpose to hurt Popery,
Did this John, Duke of Marlborough.

The next great crime of many,
His troublesome pride to show,
Was marching to High-Germany—
And who gave 'em that damnable blow,
But this John, Duke of Marlborough ?

Nay more, to mend the matter,
To his shame an high reproach,
An army he made take water,
And their General sent by coach.
All prov'd on John, Duke of Marlborough.

To

To show his Whig devotion,
 In keeping the sabbath-day,
 He the murder at Ramilly began
 Upon a Whitsunday.
 Oh, heathenish John, Duke of Marlborough !

Though busy in his slaughtering,
 His avarice ran so high,
 That, rather than spare the Most Christian
 King,
 He ten thousand pounds gave to a spy.
 Oh, covetous John, Duke of Marlborough !

At Audenard, so ill to treat foes,
 And make widows of wives !
 He took a delight to beat even those
 That never beat him in their lives.
 Oh, cowardly John, Duke of Marlborough !

Villars, that civil and good man,
 Safe in his trenches close,
 From Mons he made run like a footman,
 Though bulwark'd as high as his nose.
 Uncivil John, Duke of Marlborough !

To ev'ry tender Christian ear
 When crimes like these shall come,
 I know not how they abroad may appear ;
 I'm sure they sound oddly at home,
 These deeds of John, Duke of Marlborough.

Some facts, to make the French undone,
 I've prov'd upon him well ;
 And truly what 'tis he has not done ;
 Impossible 'tis to tell,
 Of this John, Duke of Marlborough.

To prove all these things are so,
 And not what folks devise,

Was

Was he ever the man that once spar'd the foe,
 Or ever affronted th' allies ;
 This same John, Duke of Marlborough ?

Ghent, Bruges, and Tournay too,
 And late the strong Bouchain,
 Of his own head he forc'd to obey too,
 Though wanting his brother Eugene.
 Hot-headed John, Duke of Marlborough !

Of these immortal things he brags,
 'Cause we took no notice at all ;
 You see, with his pitiful French bloody rags,
 How he has litter'd poor Westminster-Hall.
 Oh ! slovenly John, Duke of Marlborough !

Nay, more he still would fly at,
 And all to mend the peace ;
 Lord ! how can we ever be quiet,
 If we pardon such crimes as these,
 In any but John, Duke of Marlborough ?

Twelve years, it sadly true is,
 By taking of towns and lines,
 And baffling the poor King Lewis,
 He has spoil'd the Pretender's designs.
 Oh ! meddling John, Duke of Marlborough !

Success still made him bolder ;
 And, by the Monsieur's fall,
 He has pass'd on this isle for a soldier :
 But, it seems, he knows nothing at all.
 Earl P—t says so of Marlborough.

This year for war he voted ;
 But we resolv'd on none,
 For Monsieur was sure to be routed ;
 And then high-church had been undone
 By English John, Duke of Marlborough.

You

You see the troops don't need him ;
 He's out, and in France they laugh :
 But send any other to head them,
 And I'll warrant old Bourbon is safe :
 Keep back but John, Duke of Marlborough.

For he, as Fame confesses,
 That kingdom meant to devour ;
 For which, and his heinous successes,
 He's out, and our fears are all o'er.
 Thus fell John, Duke of Marlborough.

THE devil pull'd off his jacket of flame,
 The friar he pull'd off his cowl ;
 The devil suppos'd him a dunce at the game,
 The friar thought Satan a fool.
 He piqu'd and re-piqu'd him so oft, that, at last,
 He swore, by the jolly fat nuns,
 If cards came no better than those that were past,
 Oh ! oh ! alack ! he must lose all his buns.

A DEAN and Prebendary
 Had late a new vagary ;
 And were at doubtful strife, fir,
 Who led the better life, fir,
 And was the better man.
 The Dean he said that, truly,
 Since Preb. was so unruly,
 He'd prove it to his face, fir,
 That he had the most grace, fir :
 And so the fight began.

When Preb. reply'd like thunder,
 And roar'd out, 'twas no wonder ;

Since

Since gods the Dean had three, fir,
And more by two than he, fir,

For he had got but one.
Now, whilst these two were raging,
And in dispute engaging,
The master of the charter
Said both had caught a Tartar;
For gods, fir, there were none.

That all the books of Moses
Were nothing but supposes;
That he deserv'd rebuke, fir,
He wrote the Pentateuch, fir;
'Twas nothing but a sham:
That, as for father Adam,
And Mrs. Eve, his madam,
And what the serpent spoke, fir,
'Twas nothing but a joke, fir,
And well-invented flam.

Thus, in this battle-royal,
As none would take denial,
The Dame for whom they strove, fir,
Could neither of them love, fir,
Since all had giv'n offence:
She, therefore, sily waiting,
Left all three fools a prating;
And being in a fright, fir,
Religion took her flight, fir,
And ne'er was heard of since.

THERE was once, it was said, when is out of my
head,

And where too; yet true is my tale,
That a round-belly'd vicar, bepimpled with liquor,
Could stick to no text like good ale.

Tol de rol de rol lol lol lol lol.

He

He one night 'gan to dose ; for, under the rose,
 The parson was then *non se ipse* :
Non se ipse !—you'll say, What's that to the lay ?
 In plain English, the parson was tipsy.

His clerk stepping in, with a band-bobbing chin,
 As solemn and stupid as may be ;
 The vicar he gap'd ; the clerk hemm'd and scrap'd,
 Saying, Please, sir, to bury a baby.

Now our author supposes, the clerk's name was
 Moses,
 He look'd, like his master, so rosy ;
 Who blink'd with one eye, with his wig all awry,
 And hiccup'd—Pray how is it, Mosy ?

A child, sir, is carried, by you to be bury'd.—
 Bury me, Moses ! no, that won't do.—
 Lord, sir ! said the clerk, you are all in the dark ;
 'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you.

Well, Moses, don't hurry ; the infant we'll bury.—
 But, master, the corpse cannot stay.—
 Well, can't it ? but why ? for once, then, we'll try
 If a corpse, Moses, can run away.

But Moses reply'd :—Sir, the parish will chide,
 For keeping them out in cold weather.—
 Then Moses, quoth he, go and tell them, from
 me,
 I'll bury them warm all together.

But, sir, it rains hard ; pray have some regard.—
 Regard, Mosy ! that makes me stay :
 For no corpse, young or old, in rain can catch cold ;
 But, faith, Moses, you and I may.

Moses

Moses begg'd he'd be gone, saying, Sir, the rain's
done ;

Please to rise, and I'll lend you my hand.—

Oh ! 'tis hard, quoth the vicar, to leave thus my li-
quor,

And go, when I'm sure I can't stand.

Then the parson fore troubled, to the church-yard he
hobbled,

Lamenting the length of the way ;

For Moses, quoth he, were I a bishop, d'ye see,

I neither need walk, preach, nor pray.

When he came to the grave, says he—Moses, a slave.

Lord ! where's my tobacco-box hid ?

I declare this fast walking prevents me from talk-
ing ;

So, Moses, pray give me a quid.

Then he open'd the book, and in't seem'd to look ;

But o'er the page only he squinted :—

Says he, Moses, I'm vex'd, for I can't find the
text,

The book is so damnably printed.

Good people, let's pray. Life's, alas ! but a day ;

Nay, sometimes 'tis over at noon ;

Man is but a flower, cut down in an hour :

'Tis strong ale, Mosy, does it so soon.

Woman of a man born—no, that's wrong, the leaf's
torn :

Upon woman the natural swell is ;

The world would grow wild, were men got with
child :

Moses, you and I might have big bellies !

Neigh-

Neighbours, mind what I say, when 'tis night 'tis
 not day,
 Though in former times saints could work won-
 ders ;
 For, cut off your head, in a trice, it is said,
 They'd replace it without any blunders.

Come, let us go forth ; put the child in the earth ;
 Dust to dust, Moses, dust it away ;
 For Moses, I trust, we all should be dust,
 If we were not to moisten our clay.

So one pot, and then—the clerk said, Amen.—
 And thus we have carry'd the farce on.
 The taste of the times will relish our rhimes,
 When the ridicule runs on a parson.

Then, Satire, detest Immorality's jest,
 Each profane or immodest expression ;
 But we'll not be rude, but drink, as we should,
 To the good folks of ev'ry profession.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty had no harm in't,
 A zealous high-church-man I was,
 And so I got preferment.
 To teach my flock I never miss'd
 Kings are by God appointed,
 And those are damn'd that do resist
 And touch the Lord's anointed.
 And this is law, I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, fir :
 That, whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, fir.

When royal James assum'd the throne,
 And Pop'ry came in fashion,

F

The

The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration.
 The Church of Rome, I found, would fit
 Full well my constitution,
 And had become a Jesuit
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
 To ease the nation's grievance,
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance.
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance ;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 And pish for non-resistance.
 And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne ascends the throne,
 The Church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory.
 Occasional conformists base
 I damn'd their moderation,
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.
 And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, fir ;
 I turned cat-in-pan once more,
 And then became a Whig, fir ;
 And so preferment I procur'd
 By our new faith's defender,
 And always ev'ry day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law, &c.

Th' il-

Th' illustrious House of Hanover
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear,
 While they can keep possession ;
 For, by my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter ;
 But George my lawful king shall be,
 Until the times shall alter.
 And this is law, I will maintain,
 Until my dying day, fir :
 That, whatsoever king shall reign,
 I will be Vicar of Bray, fir.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,

Which men are forbidden to see,
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories show,
 To set his Eurydice free.
 All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
 Should rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far ; but how vast their surprise,
 When they heard that he came for his wife !

To find out a punishment due to the fault,
 Old Pluto long puzzled his brain ;
 But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought ;
 So he gave him his wife back again.
 But pity, succeeding, soon vanquish'd his heart ;
 And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took her again in reward of his art,
 Such power has music in hell.

I AM, (cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
 And, panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd ;

When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
 The long list of the graces his godship possess'd)

I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays.—
 Nor for lays nor sweet song the fair fugitive stays.—
 I'm the god of the harp; stop, my fairest!—In vain:
 Nor the harp nor the harper could fetch her again.

Ev'ry plant, ev'ry flow'r, and their virtues, I
 know;
 God of light I'm above, and of physic below:
 At the dreadful word physic the nymph fled more
 fast;
 At the fatal word physic she doubled her haste.
 Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase;
 Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing
 rays;
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy
 charms,
 And, my life for't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

WHENCE comes it, neighbour Dick,
 That you, with youth uncommon,
 Have serv'd the girls this trick,
 And wedded an old woman?
 Happy Dick!

Each belle condemns the choice
 Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
 But we, your friends, rejoice,
 That you have judg'd so rightly:
 Happy Dick!

Though odd to some it sounds,
 That on threescore you ventur'd,
 Yet in ten thousand pounds
 Ten thousand charms are center'd:
 Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,
 As doth the short-liv'd flower;

Nor

Nor can the fairest maid
Insure her bloom an hour :
Happy Dick !

Then wisely you resign,
For sixty, charms so transient ;
As the curious value coin
The more for being ancient :
Happy Dick !

With joy your spouse shall see
The fading beauties round her,
And she herself still be
The same that first you found her :
Happy Dick !

Oft is the married state
With jealousies attended ;
And hence, through foul debate,
Are nuptial joys suspended :
Happy Dick !

But you, with such a wife,
No jealous fears are under ?
She's yours alone for life,
Or much we all shall wonder :
Happy Dick !

Her death would grieve you sore ;
But let not that torment you.
My life ! she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you :
Happy Dick !

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
Unless the devil's in her :
Happy Dick !

Some have the name of hell
To matrimony given ;

How falsely you can tell,
 Who find it such a heaven :
 Happy Dick !

With you, each day and night
 Is crown'd with joy and gladness ;
 While envious virgins bite
 The hated sheets for madness :
 Happy dick !

With spouse long share the bliss
 Y'had miss'd in any other ;
 And when you've bury'd this,
 May you have such another :
 Happy Dick !

Observing hence, by you,
 In marriage such decorum,
 Our wiser youth shall do
 As you have done before 'em :
 Happy Dick !

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
 To this poor but merry place,
 Where no bailiff, dun, or setter,
 Dare to shew his frightful face.
 But, kind sir, as you're a stranger,
 Down your garnish you must lay,
 Or your coat will be in danger ;
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement
 From your children or your wife :
 Wisdom lies in true refinement,
 Through the various scenes of life.
 Scorn to shew the least resentment,
 Though beneath the frowns of fate :
 Knaves and beggars find contentment,
 Fears and cares attend the great.

Though

Though our creditors are spiteful,
 And restrain our bodies here,
 Use will make a jail delightful,
 Since there's nothing else to fear.
 Every island's but a prison,
 Strongly guarded by the sea :
 Kings and princes, for that reason,
 Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great Alexander
 Weep at his unfriendly fate ?
 'Twas because he could not wander
 Beyond the world's strong prison gate.
 The world itself is strongly bounded
 By the heav'ns and stars above :
 Why should we then be confounded,
 Since there's nothing free but love ?

DEAR Chloe, while thus, beyond measure,
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old-age of pain.
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
 By kindness you ought to improve :
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sun-shine of love :
 And, though the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darkness obscure all the skies,
 You ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby with Joan by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder :
 He's dropfical, ſhe is dim-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder ;
 Together they totter about,
 Or fit in the fun at the door ;
 And, at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,
 His Joan will not ſmoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs,
 Their ſeveral failings to ſmother ;
 Then what are the charms, can you gueſs,
 That make them ſo fond of each other ?
 'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments which youth did beſtow ;
 The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
 The beſt of our bleſſings below.

Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
 No ſickneſs or time can remove :
 For, when youth and beauty are paſt,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A frienſhip inſenſibly grows,
 By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe ;
 The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
 Which decrepit old-age cannot freeze.

SOME ſay women are like the ſeas ;
 Some the waves, and ſome the rocks ;
 Some the roſe that ſoon decays ;
 Some the weather, ſome the cocks :
 But, if you'll give me leave for to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd ſo well
 As wine, wine, women and wine ; they run in a pa-
 rallel.

Women are witches when they will,
 So is wine, ſo is wine ;

They

They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The foldier, lawyer, and divine ;
 They put a jig in the graveit skull,
 And fend their wits to gather wool.
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your visage so pale ?
 What is't makes your looks divine ?
 What is't that makes your courage to fail ?
 Is it not woman ? Is it not wine ?
 'Tis wine that will make you sick when you're well ;
 'Tis woman that makes your forehead to swell ;
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee, prithee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill, looking ill prevail ?
 Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee, prithee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't move her,
 Will thy saying nothing do't ?
 Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move ;
 This cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot take her.
 If of herself she will not love, nought can make her ;
 Let the devil take her, let the devil, let the devil's
 devil take her.

OH ! what had I a do for to marry ?
 My wife she drinks naithing but sack and Canary.

I to

I to her friends complain'd right airly.
 Oh ! gin my wife wad drink heoly and fairly, heoly
 and fairly ;
 Oh ! gin my wife wad drink heoly and fairly.

Firft she drunk crummie, and fyne she drunk garie,
 Now she has drunken my bonny gray marie,
 That carried me ay through the dub and the larie.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things, I wad na much
 care :
 She drinks my claiths I canna well spare.
 To th' kirk and the market she gang fu' barely.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

If there is ony filler, she maun keep the purse ;
 If I seek but a baubie, she'll scold and she'll curse ;
 She gangs like a queen, I scrimpet and sparely.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life.
 Ere it came to a war, I am ay for a parley.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi the cummere I wad her allow :
 But when she sits down, she fills herself fow ;
 And when she's fow, she is unco canisterie.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

She rins out to the cafy, she raves and she rants,
 Has na dread of neighbours, nor minds the house
 wants.
 Roars some foolish lilt out, Tak up thy heart, Char-
 lie.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

And

And when she comes haim, she lays on the lads,
 She ca's the poor lassies both limmers and jads,
 And I my ain fel a poor auld cuckold Carly.
 Oh ! gin my wife, &c.

THE bride came in from the barn,
 And she was dighting her cheeks :—
 How can I be marry'd to-day,
 That have neither blankets nor sheets ?
 I have neither blankets nor sheets ;
 I want a covering too :
 The bride that has aw things to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle to do.—
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw ;
 And was not she vary weel off,
 That was woo'd and marry'd and aw ?

Then spake up the bride's mother ;
 The de'il tick a this pride,
 I had not a plack in my pocket
 The day I was made a bride.
 My gown was linsie-winsie,
 And never a fark at a ;
 And you have gowns and buskins
 More than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough :—
 Ha'd your tongue, my daughter,
 And ye'se get gear enough.
 The stirk that gangs on the tether,
 And our braw-buffen'd yade,
 To lead your corn in harvest,
 What wad ye hae mair, ye jade ?
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

What

What is the matter ? quo' Donald :
 Though we be scarce o' claiths,
 We'll creep the closer together,
 And fley away the flaes.
 The summer is coming on,
 And we'll get puckles of woo,
 We'll fee a lafs of our ain,
 And she'll spin blankets enough.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-long summer's day,
 Till we were almost spoil'd,
 At making of the hay.
 Her kerchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bonny brow ;
 I whisper'd something in her ear,
 But what is that to you ?
 Her kerchy was, &c.

Her stockings were of kerfy green,
 As tight as ony filk.
 Oh ! sic a leg was never seen ;
 Her skin was white as milk :
 Her hair was black as ane could wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mou.
 Oh ! Jeany daintily can kifs ;
 But what is that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair ;
 There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amaisht no care :
 But, when another swain, my dear,
 Shall say you're fair to view,
 Let Jeany whisper in his ear,
 Pray what is that to you ?

DE'IL take the war, that hurry'd Willy from me;
 Who to love me just had sworn;
 They made him captain surely to undo me;
 Woe is me! he'll ne'er return.
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him;
 He from thousands ne'er will run;
 Day and night I did invite him
 To stay safe from sword or gun.
 I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces:
 Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall:
 And, had he my soft arms
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,
 By love grown mad,
 Without the man of Gad,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking,
 Snares that they told me would catch the men;
 And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
 Which made me shew as tall again.
 For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine:
 Well might my lover think me gay and bonny,
 No Scotch lass was e'er so fine.
 My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe, too, with thread I knotted;
 Lac'd shoes, and filken hose, too, garter'd over
 knee:
 But, oh, the fatal thought!
 To Willy these were nought,
 Who rode to towns,
 And rifled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon! might have plunder'd me.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
 At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,
 G I find

I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my
song.

Sing Balin a mone ora, Balin a mone ora,
Balin a mone ora,
A kifs of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose ;
I sleep all the day, to forget half my woes ;
So hot is the flame in my stomach that glows,
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn through my
clothes.

Sing Balin a mone ora, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will save,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Balin a mone ora, &c.
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll
stride !

With coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Balin a mone ora, &c.
Your lily-white fist for me.

OH ! let no eyes be dry,
O hone ! O hone !
But let's lament and cry,
O hone ! O hone !
We're quite undone almost ;
For Daphne, on this coast,
Has yielded up the ghost,
O hone ! O hone !

Daphne,

Daphne, my dearest bitch,
 Who did all dogs bewitch,
 Was by a careless maid,
 Pox take her for a jade,
 In the night overlaid.

Oh ! may she never more
 Sleep quietly, but snore !
 May never Irish lad
 Sue for her maidenhead,
 Until it stinks, igad !

Oh ! may she never keep
 Her water in her sleep !
 May never pence nor pounds
 Come more within the bounds
 Of her pocket, adfounds !
 O hone ! O hone !

OH ! my sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a
 bog,

And as wild as a kitten, as wild as a kitten !
 Those eyes on your face (arraah ! pity my case)
 Poor Dermot have smitten, poor Dermot have smit-
 ten !

Far softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,

Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is !
 Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your
 tail :

Oh ! you're straight as a wand is, you're straight
 as a wand is !

Your lips, red as cherries ; and your curling hair
 is

As black as the devil, as black as the devil ;
 Your breath is as sweet, too, as any potatoe,

Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville !

When drest in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,

So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky !

A kifs on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)

Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like whisky !

I grunt, and I pine, and I sob like a swine,

Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel ;

Nor rest I can take, and, asleep or awake,

I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel !

Your hate then give over, nor Dermot, your lover,

So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle ;

Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,

Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle !

TO the wars I must, alas !

Though I do not like the game ;

Vor I hold him but an afs,

That will lose his life for fame.

Vor these guns be zuch pestilent things,

To pat a pellet in one's brow :

Vour vurlongs off, ch've heard zome zay,

Ch'll kill a man, a knows not how.

When the bow, bill, zword, and dagger,

Were used all in vighting,

Ch've heard my father swear and swagger,

That it was but a flea-biting :

But these guns, &c.

Ife would vight with the best of our parish,

And play at whisters with Mary ;

Could thump the vootball, yerk the morrie,

And box at visticuffs with any :

But these guns, &c.

Varewell, Dick, Tom, Ralph, and Hugh,

My May-pole mates all heretofore ;

Vare-

Varewell, Doll, Kate, Zis, and Zue,
 Vor I shall never zee you more :
 Vor these guns are zuch pestilent things,
 To pat a pellet in one's brow :
 Vour vurlongs off, ch've heard zome zay,
 Ch'll kill a man, a knows not how.

I HEARD much talk of Oxford town,
 And fain I would go thither.
 When ploughing and sowing that was done,
 It being gallant weather ;
 Father he did to't agree,
 That Nell and I should go :
 But mother cry'd that we should ride,
 So we had Dobbin too.

So I goes unto sister Nell,
 And bids her make her ready ;
 And put on all her Zundy close,
 As fine as any lady :
 'Tis a gallant day ; the morning's grey,
 And likely to be fair ;
 Therefore make haste, and soon be lac'd,
 And I'll go bait the mare.

So up upon the mare we got,
 And away we rid together ;
 And every body as we met,
 We ask'd how far 'twas thither.
 Till at the last, when on the top
 Of Chiselden hill we ris,
 I somewhat spy'd, like steeples ; and cry'd,
 Zooks, Nell, look yonder 'tis.

So, when as nearer to't we came,
 We see folks infant thick ;

I heard a little bastard zay,
 Look, here comes country Dick.
 Another bastard call'd me Ralph ;
 And, How is't, honest Joan ?
 And Roger, too ; how's little Sue,
 And all the folk at home ?

So we rode on, and nothing said,
 But looked for an alehouse ;
 At last we zee a hugeous sign,
 As big as any gallows ;
 It was two dogs : so in we rode,
 And called for the hostler :
 Out came a lusty fellow then,
 I warrant he was a wrofler.

Here take this horse, and set'en up,
 And ge'n a lock of hay ;
 For we be come to zee the town,
 And tarry here all day.
 Yes, sir, he said, and call'd the maid,
 That stood within the entry :
 She had us into a room as clean
 As though we'd both been gentry.

So we zet down, and bid 'em fetch
 A flaggon of their beer :
 But when it come, Nell shook her head,
 And zed 'twas plaguy dear.
 Says she to me, If long we stay,
 'Twill make us go a begging ;
 For I am sure it cannot be
 So much as old Martin's flaggon.

So we got up, and away we went
 To zee the gallant town ;
 And at the gate we met a man
 With a pitiful ragged gown :

For,

For, as for a sleeve, I do believe
 That they wur both tore off ;
 And, instead of a hat, he wore a cap,
 'Twas a trencher cover'd w' cloth.

And, as we were going along the town,
 I thote I had found a knife ;
 I stooped down to pick it up,
 But was ne'er so sham'd in my life.
 For the underside was all be — t
 With an arrant Christian's t — d :
 The boys fell a hollowing, An April fool !
 But I zed never a word.

As we went through a narrow lane,
 One catch'd fast hold of sifter ;
 He'd parson's close, and he du'dn't know us ;
 But fain he would ha' kiss'd her.
 He was plaguy fine ; but, to my mind,
 He look'd much like a wench :
 I up wi' my stick, and ge'en a lick,
 I b'lieve I slit his trencher.

Then we went into a fine place ;
 And there we went to church :
 I kneeled down to say my pray'rs,
 And du'dn't think no hurt.
 I'th' midst o' th' pray'rs, just up the stairs,
 Was bagpipes to my thinking ;
 And the folk below fell a finging too,
 As though they'd been a drinking.

I du'dn't like the doings there,
 And zo I took my hat :
 I du'dn't think they would ha' done so
 In zitch a place as that ;
 But Nell was for staving, till they'd quite done
 playing.
 Because she lik'd the tune ;

For

For she was sure she ne'er did hear
Old Crundall play't at home.

Then we went into a fine garden,
All up upon a hill :
And just below, a dial did grow,
Much like a waggon wheel ;
But bigger by half, which made me laugh,
'Twas like a garden knot :
When the sun shone bright, it went as right
As our parson's clock.

Then we went out o' that fine place,
And went into another,
Which was vorty times as fine
As any of the other.
Bless me, our John, quite all along
There's books pil'd up like mows ;
Faith, Nell, I wish that mother was here,
If 'twas not for the cows.

And in the middle stood two things
As round as any ball ;
They told us 'twas the picture of
The world, the zea, and all :
And those that knew how to turn 'em right,
And how to turn 'em round,
Could tell us what it was a clock
In the world under ground.

And many more things they could tell,
That was almost as strainge ;
As when the sun should set and rise,
And when the moon should change.
I du'dn't care to stand so near,
When all these things I heard ;
For I thote in my heart it was the black art,
And I was a little afeard.

The

The sun being low, then we begun
 To think of going home ;
 But one thing more we zaw before
 We got quite out of town :
 We went apace ; for, being in haste,
 For fear of being benighted,
 Two hugeous men stood strutting within,
 And Nell and I was frightened.

Nell had a colour as red as a rose,
 And darst not go no furer.
 They had bloody weapons in their hands,
 Stood ready there for murder.
 So we went back, and took our mare,
 And away come trotting home,
 Wi' stories enough to tell father and mother,
 And little sister Joan.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny-o,
 When they mind me of my dear Jonny-o ;
 How happy am I
 When my soldier is by,
 When he kisses and blesses his Annie-o !
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me-o ;
 For his graceful looks do invite me-o ?
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms ;
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me-o.

My love is a handsome laddie-o,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy-o.
 Though commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year :
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie-o.
 A soldier has honour and bravery-o ;
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery-o,
 He minds no other thing,

But

But the ladies or the king ;
For every other care is but slavery-o.

Then I'll be the captain's lady-o :
Farewell to my friends and my daddy-o.
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum ;
And when e'er that beats, I'll be ready-o.
Dumbarton's drums found bonny-o,
They are sprightly like my dear Jonny-o.
How happy shall I be,
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie-o !

ALL hands up aloft ; swab the couch fore and aft ;

For the punch-clubbers strait will be fitting.
For fear the ship roll, sling off a full bowl ;
For our honour let all things be fitting.
In an ocean of punch we to-night will all sail ;
I'th' bowl we're in sea-room enough, we ne'er fear.
Here's to thee, messmate.

Thanks, honest Tom. 'Tis a health to the King.
Whilst the larboard-man drinks, let the starboard-
man sing.

With full double cups,
We'll liquor our chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a who up ! who ! who !
But let's drink ere we go,
But let's drink ere we go.

The wind's veering aft, then loose ev'ry sail ;
She'll bear all her top-fails a-trip.
Heave the log from the poop ; it blows a fresh gale ;
And a just account on the board keep.

She

She runs the eight knots, and eight cups to my thinking ;

That's a cup for each knot must be fill'd for our drinking.

Here's to thee, skipper.

Thanks, honest John. 'Tis a health to the King.

Whilst the one is a drinking, the other shall fill.

With full double cups, &c.

The quartier must cun, whilst the foremast-man peers.

Here's a health to each port, where'er bound.

Who delays ('tis a bumper) shall be drubb'd at the geers ;

The depth of each cup therefore sound.

To our noble commander, to his honour and wealth ;

May he drown and be damn'd, who refuses the health.

Here's to thee, Harry.

Thanks, honest Will ; old true-penny still.

Whilst the one is a drinking, the other shall fill.

With full double cups, &c.

What news on the deck, ho ! It blows a mere storm.

She lies a try under her mizen.

Why ? what, though she does ? Will it do any harm,

If a bumper more does us all reason ?

The bowl must be fill'd, boys, in spite of the weather ;

Yea, yea, boys ! huzza, boys ! let's howl all together.

Here's to thee, Peter.

Thanks, honest Joe ; about let it go.

In the bowl still a calm is, where'er the winds blow.

With full double cups, &c.

LIFE is checquer'd ; toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure.

See

See the crew in flannel jerkins,
 Drinking, toping flip by firkins;
 And, as they raise the tip
 To their happy lip,
 On the deck is heard no other sound,
 But, Prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
 Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
 Let the can go round.
 Then hark to the boatswain's whistle ! whistle !
 Buffle, buffle, buffle, my boy ;
 Let us stir, let us toil ;
 But let's drink all the while ;
 For labour's the price of our joy.

Life is checquer'd ; toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure.
 Hark ! the crew, with sun-burnt faces,
 Chanting black-ey'd Susan's graces :
 And, as they raise their notes
 Through their rusty throats,
 On the deck is heard no other sound, &c. &c.

Life is checquer'd ; toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure.
 Hark ! the crew, their cares discarding,
 With huffe-cap, or with chuck-farthing ;
 Still in a merry pin,
 Let them lose or win,
 On the deck is heard no other sound, &c. &c.

COME, buffle, buffle, drink about,
 And let us merry be ;
 Our can is full, we'll see it out,
 And then all hands to sea.
 And a sailing we will go, will go,
 And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught
 The minuet to tread :
 But we go better, when we've brought
 The fore-tack to cat-head.
 And a failing, &c.

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
 And swiftly rides the race :
 But swifter far we shape our course,
 When we are giving chace.
 And a failing, &c.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
 The pack the huntsmen cheer :
 As loud we halloo, when we send
 A broadside to Monsieur.
 And a failing, &c.

The what's-their-names at uproars squall,
 With music fine and soft :
 But better sounds our boatswain's call,—
 All hands, all hands aloft !
 And a failing, &c.

With gold and silver streamers fine,
 The ladies rigging show :
 But English ships more grandly shine,
 When prizes home we tow.
 And a failing, &c.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
 With sweethearts and with wives ;
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more :—
 Thus sailors pass their lives.
 And a failing, &c.

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of
May,

(Recorded be for ever the famous ninety-two)
Brave Ruffel did discern, by break of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing to.
All hands aloft, they cry ; let English courage shine ;
Let fly a culverine, a signal for the line ;
Let ev'ry man supply his gun.
Follow me, you shall see
That the battle it will soon be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat o'er the
deep :

He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral and his fleet.
Now ev'ry gallant mind to victory does aspire ;
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire ;
And mighty Fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

Sulphur, smoke, and noise, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic
shore ;

Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow.
Now death and horror equal reign.
Now they cry, Run or die !
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and o'er sands !
One danger they grasp, to shun a greater fate :
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands ;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For

For ever more adieu, ill-omen'd Rising Sun !
 From thy untimely end, thy Master's fate's begun !
 Enough, thou mighty god of war !
 Now we sing,—Bless the King !
 And doubly bless each brave English tar !

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer !
 Lift, ye landsmen, all to me ;
 Messmates, hear a brother-sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea.
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
 By topfail-sheets and haulyards stand !
 Down top-gallants, quick be hauling !
 Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces ;
 Quick the topfail-sheets let go ;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !
 Up your topfails nimbly clew !

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms,—
 Round us roars the tempest louder ;
 Think what fears our minds enthrall !
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder !
 Now, again, the boatswain calls :

The topfail-yards point to the wind, boys ;
 See all clear to reef each course :
 Let the fore-sheets go ; don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get ;
 Reef the mizen ; see all clear ;
 Hands up,—each preventer-brace set ;
 Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
 Peals on peals contending clash !
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash !
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky !
 Different deaths at once surround us !
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone ! cries ev'ry tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out :
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces :
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !
 Plumb the well ;—the leak increases !
 Four feet water's in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;
 Alas ! to them there's no return.
 Still the leak is gaining on us ;
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below :
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
 For only that can save us now !

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys ;
 See, our mizen-mast is gone.
 The leak we've found ; it cannot pour fast ;
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;

Up,

Up, and rig a jury fore-mast ;
 She rights, the rights, boys ! ware off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Fortune spar'd our lives ;
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts, and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it ;
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
 Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?
 None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !

HOW stands the glass around ?
 For shame ! ye take no care, my boys.
 How stands the glass around ?
 Let mirth and wine abound.
 The trumpets sound ;
 The colours they are flying, boys.
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found,
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys ?
 Why, soldiers, why ?
 Whose business 'tis to die !
 What, fighting ? fie !
 Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys ?
 'Tis he, you, or I !
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly !

'Tis but in vain,—
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,—

H 3

'Tis

'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain.
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain !
 But, if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

WITH a cheerful old friend, and a merry old
 song,
 And a tankard of porter, I could sit the night long,
 And laugh at the follies of those that repine,
 'Though I must drink porter, while they can drink
 wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great ;
 Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate ;
 But what I abhor, and deem as a curse,
 Is meanness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then let us, companions, be cheerful and gay,
 And cheerfully spend life's remainder away ;
 Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,
 For, the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill.
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his
 face,
 And honesty gives ev'n to awkwardness grace.
 Beslour'd with his meal, does he labour and sing ;
 And, regaling at night, he's as blest as a king.
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill ;
 In liquor home-brew'd drinks success to his mill.

He

He makes no nice scruple of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excise to his industry paid.
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear ;
 And he values not those of ten thousand a-year.
 He has freehold sufficient to give him a vote ;
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat.
 He hates your proud placemen ; and, do what they
 will,
 They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
 And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best ;
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free
 trade,
 Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid.
 He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace ;
 Though Old England, he knows, may have strength
 and have skill,
 To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work ;
 And, if water is scanty, he takes up his fork,
 And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
 Or with stiff plough turns up furrows of clay.
 His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,
 That his country may ever be happy and free.
 With his hand and his heart to King George does he
 fill ;—
 And may all loyal souls act the man of the mill !

THERE was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river
 Dec.
 He danc'd and he sang from morn till night, no lark
 so blithe as he.

And

And this the burden of his song for ever us'd to be :
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God blefs her ! she's kindred, child,
and wife ;

I would not change my station for any other in life.
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from
me :

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When spring brings its merry career, oh ! how his
heart grows gay !

No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's
sad decay.

No foresight mars the miller's joys, who's wont to
sing and say,—

Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to
day.

Thus, like the miller bold and free, let us rejoice
and sing :

The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing.

This song shall pass from me to thee, along this jo-
vial ring :

Let heart, and voice, and all agree, to say, Long live
the King !

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my fate : In a fair country town
Let me have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passions with an absolute sway ;
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears
away.

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance, on which I may look ;
 With a green spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.
 May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before ;
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
 And clean, though coarse, linen at every meal.
 May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, and stout humming li-
 quor,
 And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar ;
 With a hidden reserve of good Burgundy wine,
 To drink the King's health as oft as we dine.
 May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day ;
 And, when I am dead, may the better sort say,—
 In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when
 mellow,
 He is gone, and has not left behind him his fel-
 low :
 For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway ; }
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away, }
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
 What would you wish for more than these ?
 A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
 Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour-stove, to hold
 A constant fire from winter's cold ;

Where

Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bleſs the King.

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw ;
A few choice friends of your own taſte,
A wife agreeable and chaſte.

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find ;
Nor miſer's fears, nor envy's ſpight,
To break the ſabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few tailor's, and no doctor's bills :
Content to take, as heav'n ſhall pleaſe,
A longer or a ſhorter leaſe.

SWEET ditties would my Patty ſing :
Old Chevy-chace, God ſave the King,
Fair Roſamond, and Sawney Scot,
Lillibullero, and what not :
All theſe would ſing my blue-ey'd Patty,
As with her pail ſhe trudg'd along.
While ſtill the burden of her ſong,
My hammer beat to blue-ey'd Patty.

But nipping froſts, and chilling rain,
Too ſoon, alas ! choak'd ev'ry ſtrain !
Too ſoon, alas ! the miry way
Her wet-ſhod feet did fore diſmay.
And hoarſe was heard my blue-ey'd Patty ;
While I for very mad did cry,
Ah ! could I but again, ſaid I,
Hear the ſweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty !

Love taught me how : I work'd, I ſang ;
My anvil glow'd, my hammer rang,

Till I had form'd from out the fire,
 To bear her feet above the mire,
 An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty.
 Again was heard each tuneful close ;
 My fair one in the patten rose,
 Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty.

ALL you that are wise, and think life worth en-
 joying,
 Or soldier, or sailor, by land or by sea,
 In loving and laughing your time be employing ;
 Your glass to your lip, and your legs on your
 knee.
 Come sing away, honeys, and cast off all sorrow !
 Though we all die to-day, let's be merry to-mor-
 row ;
 A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
 A moment of time to be joyous and free !
 Chorus.—Come sing away, honeys, &c.

My lord and the bishop, in spite of their splendor,
 When Dith gives the call, from their glories must
 part ;
 Your beautiful dame, when the summons is sent her,
 Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the
 heart.
 Then sing away, honeys, and cast off your sorrow !
 Though you all die to-day, yet be merry to-mor-
 row !
 A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
 A cordial to cherish the sorrowful heart !
 Then sing, &c.

For riches and honour, then, why all this stir,
 Your wrangling, and jangling, and all your
 alarms ?
 Arrah ! burn you, my honeys, you'd better be quiet,
 And take, while you can, a kind girl to your
 arms.

You'd

You'd better be finging, and casting off sorrow !
 Though you all die to-day, sure be happy to-mor-
 row !

A hundred years hince 'twill be too late to bor-
 row

One moment to toy and enjoy her sweet charms !
 You'd better be finging, &c.

YE sportsmen, draw near, and ye sportswomen
 too,

Who delight in the joys of the field.

Mankind, though they blame, are all eager as you,
 And no one the contest will yield.

His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
 A hunting continually go ;

All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With Hark-forward, huzza, Tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;

The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the commons full speed ;

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game ;
 The poet too often lies low,

Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With Hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,

Though prudes on our pastime may frown,

How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap,
 And the fences of Virtue break down !

Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for show,

All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With Hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.

COME

COME, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight in the
 field,
 Where the bud-barren mountain fresh raptures can
 yield;
 Let the health-breathing chace rouse the soul with
 delight,
 With the jolly god Bacchus be jovial at night.
 See the high-mettled steeds, where snorting they
 fly,
 While staunch the dogs cover the ground in full
 cry!

How can ye, my boys, from such sports now refrain,
 When the horn's cheerful sound calls ye forth to the
 plain?
 Poor Puffey she flies, and seems danger to scorn,
 Then redoubles her speed, as she bounds o'er the
 lawn.
 See the high, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the hounds;
 Through hedge-rows she creeps, and sculks o'er the
 downs:
 Brush them in, my bold hearts! she sits panting for
 breath!
 The victim is seiz'd—Hark! the horn sounds her
 death.
 See the high, &c.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
 And dew-drops bespangle the sweet-scented
 thorn;
 Then sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound the gay
 horn,
 Till Phœbus awakens the day,
 Till Phœbus awakens the day:

And see now he rises! in splendor how bright!
 I O Pæan! I O Pæan!

For Phœbus, for Phœbus, the god of delight,
 All glorious in beauty, now banishes night:

Then, mount boys, to horse, and away;
 To horse, and away; to horse, and away, away.
 All glorious in beauty, &c.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chase!
 Health, bloom, and contentment, appear in each
 face,

And in our swift coursers what beauty and grace,
 While we the fleet stag do pursue;
 While we, &c.

At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
 Wing'd by terror, wing'd by terror,
 Wing'd by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide
 bounds;

And though like the lightning he darts o'er the
 grounds,

Yet still, boys, we keep him in view,
 We keep him in view, we keep him in view, in
 view.

And though like lightning, &c.

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does re-
 sign.

Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,
 And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,

That hunter so mighty, of fame,
 That hunter, &c.

Our glasses then charge to our Country and King;
 Love and beauty, love and beauty,
 Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially sing;
 Wishing health and success, till we make the house
 ring,

To

To all sportsmen, and sons of the game,
 And sons of the game, and sons of the game, the
 game ;
 Wishing health and success, &c.

COME rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters all
 cry,
 We've got a strong scent, and a favouring sky.
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early
 song,
 Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
 Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace,
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his
 ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps, to lie down ;
 And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown :
 But tell her, sweet love must to hunting give place,
 For, as well as her charms, there are charms in the
 chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy ;
 At his brush nimbly follows brisk Canter and Fly.
 They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll ;
 We're in at the death, now return to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the King ;
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring.
 To George peace and glory may heavens dispense,
 And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence !

HARK ! away ! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn,
 I 2 To

To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying deer.
 And all the day long, this, this is our song,
 Still hollowing and following, so frolic and free.
 Our joys know no bounds, while we're after the
 hounds ;
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the hills they all echo Hollow !
 With a bounce from his cover the stag flies,
 Then our shouts long resound through the skies.
Cho. And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labours we feel !
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
Cho. And all the day long, &c.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of the
 horn,

And yet the sweet pleasure decline ?
 For shame, rouse your senses, and, e'er it be morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

Through the wood and the valley,
 How the traitor we'll rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies ;
 While hounds in full cry,
 Through hedges shall fly,
 And chase the swift hare till he dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
 Both willing and joyous repair ;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
 Than chasing the fox or the hare.

Such

Such comforts, my friend,
 On the sportsman attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found :
 For when it is o'er,
 As brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

LAST Valentine's day, when bright Phœbus
 shone clear,
 (I had not been hunting for more than a year)
 Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho,
 I mounted Black Sloven, o'er the road made him
 bound ;
 For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns sweetly
 found.
 Tally ho, Tally ho, &c.

Hallow into covert, old Antony cries ;
 No sooner he spoke, but the fox, fir, he spies.
 Tally ho.
 This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip ;
 Tally ho was the word, and away we did leap. Tally
 ho.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a pin ;
 He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in.
 Tally ho.
 And as he crept out, why he spied the old Ren,
 With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to his
 den. Tally ho.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good
 As ever broke covert, or dash'd through the wood.
 Tally ho.
 Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die.
 Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry.
 Tally ho.

The hounds they had run twenty miles, now, or
more ;

Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd, too, and swore.
Tally ho.

But Reynard, being spent, soon must give up the
ghost,

Which will heighten our joys when we come to each
toast. Tally ho.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will sound,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echoes rebound. Tally ho.
So fill up your glasses, and cheerfully drink,
To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink.
Tally ho.

FROM the east breaks the morn ;
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high ;
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the valleys reply.

Our forefathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the pard and the boar :
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd :
Though in life's busy day
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full fight,
Gods, how great the delight !

How

How our mutual sensations refine !
 Where is care ? where is fear ?
 Like the winds, in the rear ;
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys.
 Lo, each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole.
 Then at eve we'll dismount.
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chase over the bowl.

NOW the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and
 gold,
 And the prospect around us most bright to behold,
 The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,
 The steeds are all neighing, and pant for the chase.
 Then rouse, each true sportsman, and join, at the
 dawn,
 The song of the hunters, and sound of the horn.

Health braces the nerves, and gives joy to the face,
 Whilst over the heath we pursue the fleet chase ;
 See, the downs now we leave, and the coverts ap-
 pear,
 As eager we follow the fox or the hare.
Cho. Then rouse each, &c.

Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still,
 If we sink in the valley, or rise on the hill ;
 O'er hedges and rivers we valiantly fly,
 For, fearless of death, we ne'er think we shall die.
Cho. Then rouse each, &c.

From ages long past, by the poets we're told,
 That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old ;
 That

That the soldier and huntsman were both on a par,
And the health-giving chace made them bold in the
war.

Cho. Then rouse each, &c.

When the chace is once over, away to the bowl,
The full-flowing bumpers shall cheer up the soul;
Whilst jocund our songs shall with choruses ring,
We'll toast to our lasses, our country, and king.

Cho. Then rouse each, &c.

LET the slave of ambition and wealth,
On the frolic of fortune depend;
I ask but old claret and health,
A pack of good hounds, and a friend.
In such real joys will be found,
True happiness centers in these;
While each moment that dances around,
Is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old claret can drive away care;
Health smiles on our days as they roll.
What can with true friendship compare?
And a Tally I love with my soul.
Then up with your bumpers, my boys,
Each hour that flies we'll improve;
A heel tap's a spy on our joys—
Here's to fox-hunting, friendship, and love.

ROUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds are
all out,
The chace is begun, I declare;
Come up, and to horse, let us follow the rout,
And join in the chace of the hare.

Hark!

Hark ! hark ! don't you hear they are now in the dale?

The horn, how melodious it sounds !
 Poor Pufs, in a fright, how she strives to prevail,
 And fly from the cry of the hounds !
 And fly, &c.

Though up to the hills and the mountains she scales,

Whose top seems to join to the sky ;
 We mount in the air like a kite in a gale,
 And follow the hounds in full cry ;
 Though into the copse there for refuge she flies,
 We kill her, it's twenty the odds :
 While echo surrounds us with hooting and cries,
 We seem to converse with the gods.
 We seem, &c.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,
 We are strangers to envy and strife ;
 When blest with a wife, we return to her arms,
 Sport sweetens the conjugal life.
 Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
 Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste ;
 In pleasures of love we revel all night,
 Next morning return to the chace.
 Next morning, &c.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,

The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note ;
 Loud sings the blackbird through resounding groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

Away to the copse, to the copse lead away,
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;
 I'll warrant he shews us, he shews us some play:
 See, yonder he skulks through the grounds.

Then

Then spur your brisk courfers, and smoke 'em, my
bloods,

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :

What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each earth, see, he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find ;
So he breaks it, and scours amain,
And leaves us at distance behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn ;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die :
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps through the dale ;
All parch'd, from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
His speed can no longer prevail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong ;
From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
he fled.
See his brush falls bemir'd, forlorn ;
The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops be-
hold.
Hark ! the lark's early matin proclaims the new
day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay.
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the State hunt the smiles of the
Court;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

Cho. With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree :
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
The doctor, a patient ; the courtier, a place ;
Though often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

Cho. With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, while the soldier hunts
fame ;

The poet, a dinner ; the patriot, a name ;
And the artful coquette, though she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

Cho. With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth ;
All the blessings we ask, is the blessing of health,
With hounds and with horns through the woodlands
to roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

Cho. With the sports, &c.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad ;
To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !

O'er hill and o'er valley he flies :

Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !

The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Trium.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay ;
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day !
 With, sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours.
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.
 With flow'rs, let's strew, &c.

THE morning is charming, all nature looks gay ;
 Away, my brave boys, to your horses away ;
 For the prime of our humour's in quest of the hare ;
 We have not so much as a moment to spare.
 Hark, the lively-ton'd horn, how melodious it
 sounds,
 To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds !

O'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands we
 fly,
 Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry,
 So match'd in the mouth, and so swiftly they run,
 Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the sun ;
 Health, Joy, and Felicity, dance in the rounds,
 And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign
 That the hare, though a stout one, begins to de-
 cline ;
 A chace of two hours or more she has led.
 She's down—look about you—they have her—she's
 dead.
 How glorious a death to be honour'd with sounds
 Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds !

WHEN

WHEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,
 With horns we awaken the day;
 And rouse, brother sportsmen, who sluggishly sleep,
 With hark! to the woods! hark! away!
 See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
 How sweetly it echoes around;
 And high-mettled steeds with their neighings all seem
 With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold where fly Reynard, with panic and dread,
 At distance o'er hillocks doth bound;
 The pack on the scent fly with rapid career;
 Hark! the horns! O how sweetly they sound!
 Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
 All dangers we nobly defy;
 Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,
 With shouts that resound to the sky.

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,
 No longer with swiftness he flies;
 Each hound in his fury determines his fate;
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.
 With shouting and joy we return from the field,
 With drink crown the sports of the day;
 Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again;
 Then away to the woodlands, away.

WHEN Sol from the east had illumin'd the
 sphere,
 And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear,
 I rose from my tent, and like Richard I call'd
 For my horse, And my hounds, too, loudly I bawl'd.
 Hark forward, my boys, Billy Meadows he cry'd:
 No sooner he spoke, but Old Reynard he spy'd.
 Over-joy'd at the sight, we began for to skip;
 Tontaron went the horn, and smack went the whip.

K

Tom

Tom Bramble scour'd forth; when almost to his chin,
 O'erleaping a ditch,—by the lord he leap'd in;
 When just as it hap'd, but the fly master Ren
 Was sneakingly hast'ning to make to his den.
 Then away we pursued, brake, covert, and wood;
 Not quickset, nor thickset, our pleasure withstood.
 So! ho! master Reynard—Jack Rivers he cry'd,
 Old Ren, you shall die—Daddy Hawthorn reply'd.

All gay as the lark the green woodlands we trac'd,
 While the merry-ton'd horn inspir'd as we chac'd;
 No longer poor Reynard his strength could he boast,
 Toth'hounds he knock'd under, and gave up the ghost.
 The sports of the field when concluded and o'er,
 We found the horn back again over the moor;
 At night take the glass, and most chearily sing
 The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the king.

WITH early horn, salute the morn,
 That gilds this charming place;
 With chearful cries, bid Echo rise,
 And join the jovial chace.

With early horn, &c.

The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The chrystal floods,
 All, all return th' enliv'ning sound.

With early horn, &c.

YE sluggards, who murder your lifetime in sleep,
 Awake, and pursue the fleet hare;
 From life, say, what joy, say, what pleasure you reap,
 That e'er could with hunting compare.
 When Phœbus begins to enliven the morn,
 The huntsman attended by hounds,
 Rejoices and glows at the sound of the horn,
 Whilst woods the sweet echo resound.

The

The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have a view,
 Nay ev'ry profession the same ;
 But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasure pursue,
 But such as accrue from the game.
 While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,
 And turn into day ev'ry night,
 At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,
 And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly, my lads, to the forest repair,
 O'er hills, dales, and valleys let's fly ;
 For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
 When each joy will another supply ?
 Thus each morning, each day, in raptures, we pass,
 And desire no comfort to share,
 But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,
 And feed on the spoil of the hare.

A Sweet-scented Beau, and a simp'ring young Cit,
 An artful Attorney, a Rake, and a Wit,
 Set out on the chace in pursuit of her heart,
 Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art ;
 And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet morn,
 Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the Beau by his face,
 The Lawyer with quibble set out on the chace,
 The Cit with exactness made up his account,
 The Rake told his conquests, how vast the amount !
 She laugh'd at their follies, and, blithe as the morn,
 Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Their clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young swain ;
 Hark forward, he cry'd, then bound'd over the plain :
 He distanc'd the Wit, the Cit, and the Beau,
 And won the fair nymph with hollo ! hillio !
 Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn ;
 Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

BRIGHT dawns the day with rosy face,
And calls the sportsman to the chace.
With musical horn salute the gay morn,
These jolly companions to cheer;
With enliv'ning sounds encourage your hounds
To rival the speed of the deer.

If you'd find out his lair, to the woodlands repair:
Hark! hark! he's unharbour'd, they cry;
Then fleet o'er the plain we gallop amain;
All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er hills, heaths, and woods, thro' forests and floods,
The stag flies as swift as the wind;
The valley resounds with a chorus of hounds,
That chaunt in a concert behind.

Adieu to old Care, pale Grief, and Despair;
We ride in oblivion of fear;
All sorrow and pain we leave to the train,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo, the stag stands at bay, the pack's at a stay,
They eagerly seize on their prize;
The welkin resounds with a chorus of hounds,
Shrill horns wind his knell, and he dies.

COME, away, come away, hark, the sound of the
horn,
And the hounds' noble chorus has wak'd the new
morn.
Briskly follow, my boys; see, old Reynard is found,
And no doubt, before night, he will lead us a round.
Huzza, my brave boys, to the woods we'll re-
pair,
To chase the fly fox, or o'ertake the fleet hare.



What

What manhood can boast, may in hunting be found:
 We leap stiles and hedges, and fly o'er the ground;
 We ne'er fear our necks while the chace is in fight;
 The greater the danger, the more our delight.

Cho. Huzza, &c.

When Reynard is caught, with shrill hound, horn,
 and voice,
 We make the woods ring, and the peasants re-
 joice;
 Our triumph with innocent pleasure they view,
 And acknowledge that hunters were always True
 Blue.

Cho. Huzza, &c.

To the joys of the day succeed those of the night,—
 A well-furnish'd table is then our delight;
 'Tween Bacchus and Venus our time glides away,
 Till the horn calls us forth to the chace of the day.
 Huzza, my brave boys; now we'll homeward re-
 pair,
 From the chace of the fox, to the charms of the
 fair.

HARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn
 Salutes the rosy rising morn,
 And echoes through the dale;
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds quick-scented scow'r the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high-mettl'd, starting steed;
 The jovial pack pursue;
 Like lightning, darting o'er the plains,
 The distant hills with speed he gains,
 And sees the game in view.

E 3

Her

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a-while for breath ;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize ;
She faints, she falls, she dies :
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud, triumphant din,
Till echo rend the skies.

TO the woods and the fields, my brave boys, haste
away ;
Our sport is to follow the hare ;
For the morning is clear, and delightfully gay ;
Sure nothing with this can compare.

Then our horses so swift, and courageously bold,
Our hounds so well scented and fleet,
Hark, hark, they're all off, they're crossing the
field,
Let's pursue them with courage and heat.

See, see, how poor Puffey redoubles her speed ;
Through briars, brakes, hedges, she flies ;
With the hounds in full tone, and Old Ball in the
lead ;
Sweet echo resounds to the skies.

But, behold, on a sudden, the hounds are all lost ;
She's squatted, and now pants for breath ;
'Till, alas ! she soon finds, and that to her cost,
The pursuit will soon finish in death.

Then

Then huzza, my brave boys ; let us hasten to crown
The pleasures of this happy day ;
For our spouses and sweethearts we'll never disown,
But be always blithe, jolly, and gay.

NOW Aurora is up, the sweet goddess of day,
Let's hail the gay nymph of the morn ;
Bid the shepherds and maids tune their tabors, and
play ;
Bid the huntsman attend with his horn.

To slavish dull rules let the cit be confin'd,
Let him toil day and night too for wealth :
To hunting and fowling our lives are confin'd ;
And our riches, my lads, is good health.

By yon rural copse just op'ning to sight,
View the young tender brood, and prepare ;
Let them first for the sky, my good boys, wing their
flight ;
True sportsmen delight to shoot fair.

When return'd from the chace, let the bumpers go
round,
Let us merrily revel and sing ;
In women and wine true harmony's found ;
Fill your glasses, and toast to the King.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn :
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go,
A hunting we will go.

The

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay :
My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows ;
You cannot hunt to-day.
Yet a hunting, &c.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale ;
But when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting, &c.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry ;
The woods, the hills, the found resort,
And music fills the sky.
When a hunting, &c.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
Then hungry, homeward we return
To feast away the night.
And a drinking, &c.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare then for the chase,
Rise at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace.
When a hunting, &c.

HOW smooth glides the stream the gay meadows
along !

The birds are all cheerful, how tuneful their song !
How Flora the meads with her gifts doth adorn,
The violet, the rose, and the fair-blooming thorn !
Then

Then hark ! still to heighten the joys of this place,
The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are in
chace.

See, over yon clover the hare swiftly flies,
While the hunters pursue her with clamorous cries :
Haste, haste then, away, let us join in the sport ;
Leap the banks, fly the gates, to yon covert resort ;
There trembling she lies, panting, gasping for
breath :
Let's follow with speed, to be in at the death.

'Tis done—she is breathless : now home we repair,
While peals, loud, triumphant, resound through the
air ;
Not a hill, or a valley, or cavern around,
Where Echo resides, but repeats the glad sound ;
While Phœbus, well pleas'd, the gay prospect sur-
veys,
And streaks the fair morn with his brightest of
rays.

Thus, blest with the pleasure the country affords,
Content with our station, more happy than lords ;
With hearts true and loyal we jovially sing ;
Not troubled with cares from ambition that spring :
While the courtier is eagerly hunting a place,
We jocundly join in the sports of the chace.

O YES ! O yes ! a proclamation's made :
Diana soon the wood begins to cheer ;
Her will and pleasure then must be obey'd,
And, at her call, her nymphs and train be here.
From sleep's downy charms each a hunter must rise,
The horn's loud alarms bids us slumber despise.
From the east the gay morning discovers her face,
And hounds, men, and horses, now pant for the
chace.

Nor

Nor gates, floods, or mounds;
 Our speed can allay :
 Hark ! the hollow refounds
 As we follow our prey.
 Hills and valleys we leave in a moment behind ;
 We clear the deep woodland, and outstrip the wind.

Our bold female train
 No dangers dismay ;
 Fear checks them in vain,
 They share in the day.
 They lead the gay band, while the deer is in view ;
 Like lightning he flies, and as swift they pursue.

The brisk driving chace
 Enlivens each vein,
 Gives bloom to each face,
 And disperses all pain.
 May the joys of the field be our sport and our play !
 Wake, wake, at the call of the Hark ! hark ! away !

GIVE round the word Dismount, Dismount,
 While echo'd by the sprightly horn ;
 The toils and pleasures we recount,
 Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.
 'Twas glorious sport, not one did lag,
 Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand ;
 But all as firmly kept their pace,
 As had Actæon been the stag,
 And we had hunted by command
 Of the goddesses of the chace.

The hounds were out, and snuff'd the air,
 And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot,
 But pleas'd they heard a Layer, a Layer,
 And presently drew on the flot.
 'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets:
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace;
And while war-haunch the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face—
He pants, he struggles, and he dies.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the hunter rise;
The op'ning hound returns the sound,
And echo fills the skies.
See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
On yon blue mountain's brow;
The neighing steed invokes our speed,
And Reynard trembles now.

In ancient days, as story says,
The woods our fathers fought;
The rustic race ador'd the chace,
And hunted as they fought.
Come. let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the forest's charms;
Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
And rest in Chloe's arms.

HOW little do the landmen know
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of steel.

No

No danger can affright us,
 No enemy shall flout;
 We'll make the Monfieurs right us;
 So tofs the can about.

Stick flout to orders, meffmates;
 We'll plunder, burn, and fink;
 Then France, have at your firft-rates,
 For Britons never shrink.
 We'll rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by fcores;
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in Louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble Commodore,
 We'll fpend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to fea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and fmg, boys;
 In war, we'll never fly.
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the Royal Family.

COME and liften to my ditty,
 All ye jolly hearts of gold;
 Lend a brother tar your pity,
 Who was once fo flout and bold:
 But the arrows of blind Cupid,
 Alas! have made me rue:
 Sure true love was ne'er fo treated,
 As I am by fcornful Sue.

When I landed firft at Dover,
 She appear'd a goddefs bright;
 From foreign parts I was juft come over,
 And was ftruck with fo fair a fight.

- On the shore pretty Sukey walk'd,
Near to where our frigate lay ;
And, although so near the landing,
I, alas ! was cast away.

When first I hail'd my charming creature,
The delight of land and sea,
No man ever saw a sweeter ;
I'd have kept her company.
I'd fain have grappled with my true love,
In church, for better or for worse ;
But, alas, no helm or compass
Could make her steer the marriage course.

Once no greater joy and pleasure
Could have come into my mind,
Than to see the bold Defiance,
Sailing right before the wind.
O'er the white waves as she danc'd,
And her colours gaily flew ;
She was never half so charming,
As the trim of lovely Sue.

On a rocky coast I've driven,
Where the stormy tempests rise,
Where the rolling mountain billows
Lift a vessel to the skies.
But from land, or from the ocean,
Little dread I ever knew,
When compar'd to threat'ning dangers,
In the frowns of scornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd why my jewel
Had the heart to use me so ;
Till I found, by often sounding,
She'd another love in tow ;

So farewell, hard-hearted Susan :
I'll my fortune seek at sea,
And try in a more friendly harbour,
Since in yours I cannot be.

HEAR me, gallant sailor, hear me :
While your country has a foe,
He is mine too, never fear me;
I may weep, but you shall go.

Though the flow'ry season woos you
To the peaceful sports of May,
And Love sighs so long to lose you,
Love to glory must give way.

Can the sons of Britain fail her,
While her daughters are so true ?
Your soft courage must avail her.
We love honour, loving you.

War and danger now invite us :
Blow, ye winds, auspicious blow ;
Ev'ry gale will most delight us,
That can waft us to the foe.

DISTRESS me with these tears no more :
One kiss, my girl, and then adieu ;
The last boat destin'd for the shore,
Waits, dearest girl, alone for you.
Soon, soon, before the light winds borne,
Shall I be sever'd from your sight ;
You left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep through many a stormy night.

When

When far along the restless deep,
 In trim array, the ship shall steer,
 Your form Rememb'rance still shall keep,
 Your worth Affection still revere;
 And with the distance from your eyes,
 My love for you shall be increas'd;
 As to the pole the needle lies,
 And farthest off still varies least.

While round the bowl the jovial crew
 Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
 My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
 Of you alone shall be my strain;
 And when we've bow'd the leaguings foe,
 Revengeful of our country's wrong,
 Returning home, my heart shall shew,
 No fiction grac'd my artless song.

NOW away, my brave boys, hoist the flag, beat
 the drum;

Let the streamers wave over the main;
 When Old England she calls us, we merrily come,
 She can't call a sailor in vain.
 Already we seem an Armada to chace,
 Already behold the galleons;
 Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
 And return with a load of doubloons.

Then farewell, for a time, lovely sweethearts! dear
 wives!

Nancy, fear not the fate of True Blue;
 Though we leave you, and merrily venture our lives,
 To our doxies we'll ever be true.
 With spirit we go, an Armada to chace,
 With rapture behold the galleons!
 Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
 And return with a load of doubloons.

COME, come, my jolly lads,
 'The wind's abaft,
 Brisk gales our sails shall croud ;
 Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
 Haul the boat,
 The boatswain pipes aloud :
 The ship's unmoor'd,
 All hands on board ;
 The rising gale
 Fills ev'ry sail,
 The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.

Then sling the flowing bowl :
 Fond hopes arise ;
 The girls we prize,
 Shall bless each jovial soul :
 The can, boys, bring,
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.

Though to the Spanish coast
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain ;
 Then bear a hand, be steady, boys ;
 Soon we'll see
 Old England once again.
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall show
 'The haughty foe,
 Britannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl :
 Fond hopes arise ;
 The girls we prize,
 Shall bless each jovial soul :

The

The can, boys, bring,
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Cho. Then sling the, &c.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak;
Let not a word on board be spoke;
Victory soon will crown the joke;
Be silent and be ready.
Ram home your guns, and sponge them well;
Let us be sure the balls will tell;
The cannons roar shall sound their knell;
Be steady, boys, be steady.
Not yet, nor yet, nor yet:
Reserve your fire, I do desire.
— Fire!
Now the elements do rattle;
The Gods amaz'd, behold the battle;
A broadside, my boys.
See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd side.
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly:
Conquer boys, or bravely die;
Hurl destruction on your foes.
She sinks—Huzza!
To the bottom down she goes.

COME, all you sailors bold,
Lend an ear, lend an ear:
It's of our Admiral's fame,
Brave Benbow call'd by name,
How he fought on the main,
You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail
 The French to fight, the French to fight,
 Brave Benbow he set sail, the French to fight :
 Brave Benbow he set sail,
 With a fine and pleasant gale ;
 But his captains they turn'd tail,
 In a fright, in a fright.

Says Kirby unto Wade,
 I will run, I will run ;
 Says Kirby unto Wade, I will run :
 I value not disgrace
 Nor the losing of my place ;
 My enemies I'll not face
 With a gun, with a gun.

'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark
 And their brave boys, their brave boys.
 'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark, and their brave boys,
 That fought the Frenchmen all :
 Though they had ten ships tall,
 They valued them not at all,
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.

Our admiral lost his legs
 With a chain shot, with a chain shot,
 Our admiral lost his legs with a chain shot :
 Our admiral lost his legs,
 And to his men he begs ;
 Fight on, my boys, he says,
 'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,
 Thus he said, thus he said,
 While the surgeon dress'd his wounds, thus he said :
 Let my cradle now in haste
 On the quarter-deck be plac'd,
 That my enemies I may face,
 Till I'm dead, till I'm dead.

And

And there bold Benbow lies,
 Crying out, crying out,
 And there bold Benbow lies, crying out :
 Let us tack about once more,
 We'll drive them to their own shore ;
 I value not half a score,
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.

O We sail'd to Virginia, and thence to New York,
 Where we water'd our shipping, and so weigh'd
 for Cork.

Full in view on the seas, seven sail we did espy ;
 O we manned our capstern, and weigh'd speedily.

The first two we came up with, were brigantine
 floops ;

We ask'd if the other five were as big as they look'd ;
 But turning to windward as near as we could lie,
 We found them French men of war cruizing hard by.

We took our leave of them, and made quick dispatch ;
 And we steered our course to the island of Vache ;
 But turning to windward as near as we could lie,
 On the fourteenth of August ten sail we did espy.

They hoisted their pendants, their colours they
 spread,

And they hoisted their bloody flag on the main-top-
 mast head ;

Then we hoisted the Jack flag at our mizen peak,
 And soon form'd the line, though our squadron was
 weak.

The very next morning the engagement prov'd hot,
 When brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot,
 O, when he was wounded, to his men he did say,
 'Take me up in your arms, boys, and bear me away,
 O the

O the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
 While brave Admiral Benbow for help, loud did cry,
 To the cockpit convey me, and soon ease my smart;
 Should my brave fellows see me, 'twould sure break
 their heart.

And there Captain Kirby prov'd a coward at last,
 And with Wade play'd at bopeep behind the main-
 mast:

Oh! there did they stand, boys, and quiver and
 shake,
 Lest those French dogs should conquer, and their
 lives they should take.

The very next morning, at break of the day,
 We hoisted our topsails, and so bore away,
 We bore to Port Royal, where the people flock'd
 much,
 To see Admiral Benbow brought to Kingston-Town
 church.

Come, all ye brave fellows, wherever you have been,
 Let us drink a health to great George and his Queen,
 And another good health to the girls that we know,
 And a third in remembrance of Admiral Benbow.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd
 main,

Then sailors think of their far distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again:

 But when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,

Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
 We think, but should the day be won,

 How 'twill cheer

 Their hearts to hear,

That their old companion he was one.

Or

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl, and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you ;
 Oh ! when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
 Think only, should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear,
 That her own true sailor he was one.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted, braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease,
 To find at last content and ease :
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole,
 Though dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home :
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore ;
 In hopes, &c.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of life renew,
 Though each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast,
 This is the universal toast :

May

May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore ;
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving to the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board :
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who, high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
 The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
 They'll

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright ;
 Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus, ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay aboard :
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
 Adieu ! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The main-mast by the board,
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stor'd,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore to be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,

And

And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,
 And this shall be my song.

And on that night, when all the crew
 The mem'ry of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
 And as the ship rolls through the sea,
 The burden of my song shall be.

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,
 Where Jockey speel'd the vessel's side :
 Ah ! wha can keep her heart at hame,
 When Jockey's toft'd aboon the tide ?

Far aff 'till distant realms he gangs,
 But life be true, as he ha been ;
 And when ilk lass around him thrangs,
 He'll think on Annie's faithful teen.

Our weelthy laird I met yestern ;
 With gowd in hand he tempted me :
 He prais'd my brow, and rowan een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gie.

But though my Jockey's far away,
 Blaw'd up and down the awesome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Syne Jockey may return again.

Nae mair, fause Jamy, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away ;
 Thy Jockey wad be trubled fair,
 To see his freen his loo betray.

Yer fangs, and a' yer verse is vain,
 While Jockey's notes do faithful flow ;
 To him my heart sal true remain,
 Ife keep it for my constant Jo.

Blaw soft, ye gales, round Jockey's head ;
 And gar, ye waves, be cawn and still ;
 His hameward sails with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasures spill.

Though full o'erlang will be his stay,
 Yet then he'll braw in filler shine.
 Ife keep my heart anither day,
 Syne Jockey will agin be mine.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the
 kye at hame,
 And all the weary warld asleep is gane ;
 The waes o' my heart fall in showers fra my eye,
 While my gude mon sleeps sound by me.
 Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his
 bride ;
 But saving a crown, he had nae thing beside :
 To make that crown a pound, my Jamie went to
 sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
 He had nae been gane but a year and a day,
 When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stole
 away,
 My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My faither cou'd nae wark, and my mither cou'd nae
 spin,
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'd nae
 win:

M

Auld

Auld Robin fed en baith, and, wi' tears in his eye,
 Said, Jeany, for their sake, O pray marry me.
 My heart is fast hae, and I look'd for Jamie back ;
 But the wind it blew hard, and his ship it was a
 wrack,

His ship was a wrack ; why did nae Jeanie dee,
 And why was she spared to cry, Wae is me ?

My faither urg'd me fair, but my mither did nae
 speak,

But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to
 break ;

Sa they gied him my hand, though my heart was at
 the sea,

And auld Robin Gray was a gude mon to me.

I had nae been a wife but weeks only four,

When sitting sa mournfully out my ain door,

I saw my Jamie's ghait, for I cou'd nae think it he,
 Till he said, Love, I am com'd hame to marry thee.

Sair, fair did we greet, and mickle did we fay ;

We took but ane kifs, and we tore ourfels away ;

I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee ;

O why was I born to fay, Wae is me ?

I gang like a ghait, and I canna like to spin ;

I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin ;

But I'll da my best a gude wife to be,

For auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,

A damsel lay deploring,

 All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the rolling billows

 She cast a wishful look ;

Her head was crown'd with willows

 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, then, cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest !
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To the losing of my dear ?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain ?
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain ?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear :
 When, o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd ;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

AUSPICIOUS spirits, guard my love,
 In time of danger near him 'bide,

M 2

With

With outspread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,
Oh, may you then with me accord ;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword !

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave,
Like airs that o'er the garden sweep ;
Breathe soft, in sighs, and gently heave
The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till Halycon Peace, return'd once more,
From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
My sailor views his native shore,
And harbours safe in these fond arms,
And harbours, &c.

FROM ploughing the ocean, and threshing Mon-
sieur,

In Old England we're landed once more.

Your hand, my brave comrades ; hola, boys, what
cheer,

For a sailor that's just come on shore ?

What cheer,—For a sailor, &c.

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no
doubt,

And to cut us, and slash us, Morbleu !

But hold there ! avast ! they were plaguily out ;

We've flic'd 'em, and pepper'd 'em too,

We've flic'd,—We've flic'd 'em, &c.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know ;

Yon invaders shall soon do us right ;

The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,

But

But can never be put in a fright.
 No, no,—But can never, &c.
 You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
 Your damn'd party and idle contest,
 And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
 Who shall fight for his country the best,
 The best—Who shall fight, &c.

Now long live the King; may he prosperous reign;
 Of no faction, no power afraid;
 May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
 At all points of the compass display'd,
 Display'd—At all points, &c.
 No quick-sands endanger, no rocks overwhelm:
 Steady, steady, and safe, may she fail;
 No ignorant pilot e'er sit at her helm,
 Or her anchor of liberty fail.
 No, no,—Or her anchor, &c.

MY former time how brisk and gay;
 So blithe was I, as blithe as blithe could be;
 But now I'm sad, Ah! well-a-day,
 For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
 Their wheedling arts are lost on me;
 For I to death shall love but one,
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flowers, till light return,
 As mourns the dove its absent she;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 Till my true love returns from sea.

BEHOLD! from many a hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,

M 3

Where

Where tempests burst, and billows roar,
 Your faithful Tom returns again ;
 Returns, and brings with him a heart,
 Which ne'er from Sally shall depart.
 Which ne'er, &c.

After long toil, and danger past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil ;
 With conquest to come home at last,
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil !
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.
 No one, &c.

SINCE time and experience repeatedly tell,
 In life no diversion can hunting excel,
 Make much of the sport, ev'ry season embrace,
 And honour each call that invites to the chase.

We start with the day, at the dwarf-holes parade,
 Break covert, and instantly dash through the glade ;
 In hopes of true pleasure led cheerfully on,
 Our game to make sure of, or run down the fun.

How charming the prospect, how num'rous the
 train,
 A hundred or more to behold on the plain ;
 And of the appearance that number exceeds,
 When Birmingham sportsmen have mounted their
 steeds!

To Lord Donegal our best wishes we give,
 That long to partake of the joys he may live.
 When the day's sport is crown'd, crown the night
 o'er a bowl :
 A fox-hunter never wants freedom of soul.

The

The greatness of pleasures the world can bestow,
Is only, my worthies, for hunters to know;
The true jolly sportsman looks cheerful as spring,
And the prince of a huntsman is seen in a King.*

* *The name of the huntsman.*

WELL met, brother sportsman; what say'st to
the morn?

Dost not think it a scent-laying day?
With the heart-cheering hounds, and enrapturing
horn,

To the coppice let's hasten away.
The morning is fresh, and the winds are all still,
The day-light approaches apace,
The bright God of Day tips with gold the blue
hill,
And awaits for the charms of the chase.

Second Sportsman.

This morn, by a shepherd (hard by) was I told,
That Old Reynard has been in the field,
And stole a young lambkin away from the fold,
Besides many more that he kill'd.
Then to horse, let's away, and abroad with the
hounds;
We'll draw yonder copse, if you please,
Where echo shall double and treble the sounds,
And the traitor reclines at his ease.

First Sportsman.

'Tis agreed: come away, sound, sound the gay
horn,
The hounds are impatient to go;
And blushing Aurora, fair Queen of the morn,
Will chide us for loitering so.

Second

Second Sportsman.

Up mountains we'll climb, and we'll dart through
 the woods ;
 The hounds and the horn shall combine,
 With echo's sweet notes rolling over the floods :
 May such rapture for ever be mine !

WHAT sport can compare
 To the hunting of the hare ?
 In the morning, in fair and pleasant weather,
 With our horses, and our hounds,
 We will scour o'er the grounds,
 And Tantara, Huzza, brave boys, we will follow.

When poor Pufs doth rise,
 Then away from us she flies,
 And we give her a thundering hollow ;
 With our horses and our hounds
 We will pull her courage down,
 And Tantara, Huzza, brave boys, we will follow.

When poor Pufs is kill'd,
 We retire from the field,
 To be merry, boys, and drink away all sorrow ;
 We have nothing more to fear,
 But to drown old father Care,
 And to banish, Huzza, all his wants till to-morrow.

YE sons of dull sloth, who in cities reside,
 Infipid yourselves, ye our sports may deride ;
 We envy you not all your honours or wealth :
 Our object is pleasure, united with health.
 Hark ! the horn : see, the hounds and the horses ap-
 pear,
 And Tan-tan-tan-tivy salutes the glad ear.

On

On the wings of the wind we pursue the fleet hare,
Leap gate, hedge, and ditch, quite forgetful of
fear ;

Kind Echo returns the enlivening sounds,
And the welkin is rent with the horns and the
hounds.

Hark ! the horn, &c.

Diana, the Empress of Hunters, thought fit,
Her seat 'mong the Gods in Olympus to quit:
Why think you the goddess and nymphs left the
place,

But to meet, in the woods, us gay fons of the chace ?
Hark ! the horn, &c.

Thus steal we through life in a round of delight,
With hunting all day, and with bumpers at night.
Let us push round the glass to the girl of our heart,
And drink till Love whispers, 'Tis time to depart.
Hark ! the horn, &c.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny seaman,
With tears she sent him out to roam :
Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
But left his heart with her at home.
She view'd the sea from off the hill,
And, as she turn'd the spinning wheel,
Sung of her bonny seaman.

The winds blew loud, and she grew paler,
To see the weather-cock turn round ;
When, lo ! she spy'd her bonny sailor
Come whistling o'er the fallow ground :
With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,
And Sally met him with a smile,
And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

Fast

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,
 But first around his mouth wip'd he;
 Like home-bred spark he could not dally,
 But press'd and kiss'd her with a glee.
 Through winds, and waves, and dashing rain,
 Cry'd he, Thy Tom's return'd again,
 And brings a heart for Sally.

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant Thomas,
 Though out of sight, ne'er out of mind;
 Our hearts, though seas have parted from us,
 Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:
 So much hath fancy took thy part,
 That time nor absence from my heart
 Could drive my bonny Thomas.

This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
 I still have kept, for her dear sake;
 A thousand times, in am'rous folly,
 Her name I've carv'd upon the deck.
 Again this happy pledge returns,
 To tell how truly Thomas burns,
 How truly burns for Sally.

This thimble didst thou give to Sally:
 Whilst this I see, I think of you;
 Then why does Tom stand still-I, shall-I,
 While yonder steeple is in view?
 Tom, never to occasion blind,
 Now took her in the coming mind,
 And went to church with Sally.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:

The

The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
 All look'd as joy could never fail,
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But now, since good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds, and the pride,
 Now Arno's fons must all give place
 To Northern swains, an iron race:
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;
 Adieu! the sweets of Arno's vale.

AT Rofs, how alter'd is the scene!
 Lo, Penyard's beauties fail!
 Loft is his crown of smiling green,
 And fogs his summit veil;
 Old Wye, his mazy course restrain'd,
 Lies o'er his urn supine;
 In ice his idle feet are chain'd,
 With frost his tresses shine.

On yonder hills, that bound our sight,
 Already lies the snow;
 Their sides long streaks of dazzling white,
 Amidst their azure show.
 Thy trees, Kyrle, favourite of the muse,
 Bare, bleak, and naked stand;
 No pleasing spots, no charming views,
 Thy prospect can command.

'Tis cold and melancholy all,
 'Tis dreary to the eye,
 And with Old Wilton's warlike wall,
 In ruin seems to lie.

What

What now, Lucinda, life inspires,
 What now can make us gay?
 Thy look, our breasts, Lucinda, fires,
 Thy look creates a May.

But Oh! when age, life's winter, comes,
 What then, my fair one, say,
 What wit, art, object, pow'r, or sums,
 What then will make us gay?
 Virtue, the charmer sweet replies,
 Will soften Age's brow;
 Virtue, though Wit or Beauty flies,
 Will make us gay as now.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage leaves,
 And, sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves.
 The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be,
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung;
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young:
 Though dear to her maternal heart
 Her genial brood must be,
 They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale,
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their hue grew pale.

My

My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee ;
 For, what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair ;
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair.
 May they of our connubial love
 A happy omen be!
 Then, such fond bliss as turtles prove,
 Shall Delia share with me.

IN a small pleasant village, by Nature complete,
 Of a few honest peasants the quiet retreat,
 There liv'd a young lass of so lovely a mien,
 As seldom at courts or at balls can be seen :
 The sweet damask rose was full blown on her cheek,
 The lily display'd all its white on her neck ;
 The lads of the village all strove to prevail,
 And call'd her, with rapture, Sweet Nan of the
 Vale.

First poor Hodge spoke his passion, till quite out of
 breath,
 Crying, Wounds ! he could hug her, and kiss her to
 death ;
 And Dick with her beauty was so much possess'd,
 That he loathed his food, and abandon'd his rest :
 But she could find n. thing in them to endear,
 So sent each away with a flea in his ear,
 And said, no such bobbies could tell a love tale,
 Or bring to compliance Sweet Nan of the Vale.

Till young Reger, the smartest of all the gay green,
 Who late on a frolic to London had been,

N

Came

Came back, much improv'd in his air and address,
 And boldly attack'd her, not fearing success :
 He said, Heav'n form'd such ripe lips to be kiss'd,
 And press'd her so close that she could not resist ;
 He shew'd the dull clowns the right way to assail,
 And brought to his wishes Sweet Nan of the Vale.

IN my pleasant native plains,
 Wing'd with bliss, each moment flew ;
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,
 Simple as the joys I knew ;
 Jocund morn, and ev'ning gay,
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

Fields, and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
 All that health and joy impart,
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
 Faithful echoes to the heart.
 Happy hours, for ever gay,
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove,
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Would not join the song of love ?
 Your sweet notes, and chauntings gay,
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily,
 ah,
 Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along ;
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah,
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Just

Just then, when the youth who last year won the
 dow'r,
 With his mate shall the sports have begun,
 When the gay voice of gladness is heard from each
 bow'r,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one ;
 While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can
 blame ?
 'Tis my maxim that youth should be free ;
 And, to prove that my words and my deeds are the
 same,
 Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
 While the lads, &c.

THIS cold flinty heart, it is you who have warm'd ;
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have
 charm'd.

In vain against merit and Cymon I strove :
 What's life, without passion, sweet passion of love ?

The frost nips the buds, and the rose cannot blow :
 From the youth that is frost-nipp'd no rapture can
 flow ;
 Elysium to him but a desert will prove.
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
 Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet
 May ;
 Love blesses the cottage, and sings through the grove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

WHEN Yanko dear fight far away,
 Some token kind me send :—

One branch of Olive ; for dat say,
 Me wifh de battle end.
 De Poplar tremble whi'e him go,
 Say, Of dy life take care ;
 Me fend no Laurel, for me know,
 Of dat he find him share.

De Ivy say, my heart be true ;
 Me droop, say Willow-tree ;
 De Torn, he say, Me sick for you ;
 De Sun-flow'r tink of me.
Till last, me go weep wid de Pine,
 For fear poor Yanko dead.
 He come, and I de Myrtle 'twine,
 In chaplet for him head.

T WAS in the bloom of May,
 When odours breathe around,
 When nymphs are blithe and gay,
 And all with mirth abound,
 That happily I stray'd,
 To view my fleecy care,
 Where I beheld a maid,
 No mortal e'er so fair.

She wore upon her head
 A bonnet made of straw,
 Which such a face did shade,
 As Phœbus never saw :
 Her locks, of nut-brown hue,
 A round-ear'd coif conceal'd ;
 Which to my pleasing view
 A sportive breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender waist
 A scrip embroider'd hung ;
 The lute, her fingers grac'd,
 Accompany'd with a song.

With

With such a pleasing note,
 The hermit might regale,
 More than the linnet's throat,
 That warbles through the vale.

Not long I stood to view,
 Struck with her heav'nly air;
 I to the charmer flew,
 And caught the yielding fair.
 Hear this, ye scornful belles,
 And milder ways pursue:
 She that in charms excels,
 Excels in kindness too.

TOTHER day, as I sat in a sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along;
 I trembled, I blush'd, a poor innocent maid,
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.
 Silly heart, I cry'd, fye! what a flutter is here!
 Young Damon designs you no ill;
 The Shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear:
 Then, prithee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet;
 One kiss he demanded, no more;
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not deny him a score.
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
 As often we play'd on the hill;
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When flames the bright sun, to the sycamore shade
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair;
 And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
 Although the dear Shepherd be there.

At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound, if it will :
There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

I'LL sing of my love all night and all day ;
He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic, and gay ;
His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
And well on the bag-pipe my Shepherd can play :
And a bonny young lad is my Jockey.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty, and fair,
And praises my eyes, my lips, and my hair :
Rose, vio'et, nor lily, with me can compare.
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear :
And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet, and, with many a sigh,
He cry'd, O ! my dear, will you never comply ?
If you mean to destroy me, why, do it ; I'll die.
I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I :
And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May-pole he dances so neat ;
And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat :
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise, and discreet ;
His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet :
And a bonny, &c.

At eve, when the sun seeks repose in the west,
And May's tuneful chorists all skim to their nest,
When I meet on the green the dear boy I love best,
My heart is just ready to burst from my breast :
Such a bonny &c.

But

But see, how the meadows are moisten'd with dew.
 Come, come, my dear Shepherd, I wait but for you ;
 We live for each other, both constant and true,
 And taste the soft raptures no Monarch e'er knew.
 And a bonny, &c.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell ;
 A flame, which time can never quell,
 That burns for lovely Peggy.
 Ye greater bards the lyre should hit :
 For say, what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The sun, first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy.
 And, when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy West,
 He's not so beauteous, as undress'd
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon mine oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.
 With her a cottage would delight ;
 All's happy when she's in my sight :
 But when she's gone, it's endless night ;—
 All's dark without my Peggy.

The zephyr's air the violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose :
 He does not half the sweets disclose,
 That does my lovely Peggy.

I stole

I stole a kiss the other day ;
 And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrant breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bee from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
 And linnet warble through the grove,
 Or stately swans the water's love,
 So long shall I love Peggy.
 And when Death, with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 Adieu ! my love y Peggy.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung through the day.
 But, ah ! what a scene must appear ?
 Must the sweet rural pastime be o'er ?
 Shall the taber no more strike the ear ?
 Shall the dance on the green be no more ?

Will the flocks from their pastures be led ?
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad ?
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed ;
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road ?
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around ?
 And shall Commerce grow sick of its tide ?
 Must Religion expire on the ground ;
 And shall Virtue sink down by her side ?

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where,
 Thou feed'st, at noon, thy fleecy care ;
Dire

Direct me to the sweet retreat,
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat :
 Left by the flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way.
 Where rest, at noon, thy bleating care,
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where ?

FAIREST of the virgin throng,
 Dost thou seek thy swain's abode ?
 See, yon fertile vale along,
 The new-worn path the flocks have trod;
 Pursue the prints their feet have made,
 And they shall guide thee to the shade.

YE cheerful virgins, have ye seen
 My fair Myrtilia pass the green,
 To rose or jess' mine bow'r ?
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade ?
 For, sure ye know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheek is like the maiden rose,
 Join'd with the lily as it blows,
 Where each in sweetness vie ;
 Like dew-drops, glist'ning in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles cheerful on the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam.
 Her heart is blither than her song,
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth gliding stream.

MY

MY banks, they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my mountains bestow;
 My fountains are border'd with moss,
 Where the harebells and violets grow.

I've found out a gift for my fair;
 I've found where the wood-pigeons breed:
 But, let me that plunder forbear;
 She'll say, 'Twas a barbarous deed.
 He ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 And, I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray,
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 The face of the valleys as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

COME, Roger and Nell, come, Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come;
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home.
 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, and our barns, in full store,
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land:

Let

Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
His can and his lass in his hand.

Cho. For Ceres bids play, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
In innocent pastime and mirth,
While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.

Cho. When Ceres bids play, &c.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
must shear ;

In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear.
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free ;
And who are so guileless, so happy as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught :
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our
eyes ;

For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;
But we as the children of Nature are bred ;
By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,
For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the
breast.

That giant, Ambition, we never can dread, —
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head :
Content, and sweet Cheerfulness, open our door ;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel ;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

TO

TO an arbour of woodbines ye both shall be
led ;

Soft leaves for your pillow, the grafs for your bed :
While wanton young sparrows chirp over your head,
All under the greenwood shade.

When the morn, with pale lustre, peeps through the
dark grove,

And nightingales answer the chaste turtle-dove,
The maid, without blushing, shall clasp her true
love,

All under the greenwood shade.

Our innocent pleasures begin with the day ;—
While guileless our hearts, we have cause to be gay.
No virgins dissemble, no shepherds betray,
All under the greenwood shade.

Should frowns for a while arm the face of the fair.
Yet soon the young lover forgets all his care,
When lovely young Phillis forbids him despair,
All under the the greenwood shade.

UPON a summer's ev'ning clear,
Dione, hapless maid,
All wan with grief, and pining care,
Sought out a secret shade.
How wretched, ah ! how chang'd am I,
Unhappy maid ! said she ;
No scene is pleasing to my eye,
No flow'r is sweet to me.

So many vows could Colin make
To me, ah ! faithless swain !
And yet those plighted vows to break,
And leave me to complain !

W h y

Why did I rashly seek his arm ?
 Why his fond tale believe ?
 Alas ! I yielded all my charms,
 Nor thought he could deceive.

Yet, why of roses such a store,
 And lilies in my face,
 Since Lucy now can please you more,
 And claim your fond embrace ?
 My brightest charms I'd willing give,
 Relinquish my rosy hue ;
 Content with Lucy's charms, I'd live
 A rural maid, for you.

But Colin's deaf, while I upbraid,
 Nor heeds, though I complain ;
 Thinks not that I'm the injur'd maid,
 And he the perjur'd swain.
 Yet know, false man, Dione's shade
 To fright you shall appear ;
 And, when you climb the marriage bed,
 Dione shall be there.

HOW blest'd has my time been, what days have I
 known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own !
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we
 stray,
 Around us our girls and boys frolick and play ;
 How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

O

What

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
 Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year
 through;
 Time, still as he flies, brings increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her
 youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair,
 In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

SPRING returns, the fawns advance,
 Leading on the sprightly dance,
 O'er the fallow, o'er the glade,
 Through the sun-shine, through the shade;
 Whilst I, forlorn and pensive still,
 Sit sighing for my Daffodil.

See the wanton nymphs appear,
 Smiling all as smiles the year,
 Sporting print where'er they tread,
 Daisy ground, or primrose-bed.
 Whilst I, &c.

Now the swain, with wat'ry shoe,
 Brushes off the morning dew;
 With officious love, to bear
 Fresh-blown cowslips to his fair:
 Whilst I, &c.

Gentle nymphs, forsake the mead,
 To my love for pity plead:
 Go, ye swains, and seek the fair:
 This, my last petition, bear.
 Whilst I, &c.

Sweetest

Sweetest maid that e'er was seen
 Dance at wake, or trip the green,
 See a love-sick, sighing swain;
 Hear my vows, relieve my pain:
 Or, with your frowns, for pity kill,
 Too charming, cruel Daffodil.

THE live-long day, forlorn I go;
 My heart is compass'd round with woe,
 With woe, Ah! well-a-day!
 The cause you hear in ev'ry sigh,
 You see it wrote within my eye:
 'Tis love, Ah! well-a-day!

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from
 me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh;
 Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on
 me,
 I woke ere yet the morn was nigh.
 No other could delight him:
 Ah! why did I e'er slight him,
 Coldly answering his fond tale?
 Which drove him far,
 Amidst the rage of war,
 And left silly me, thus to bewail.

But I no longer, though a maid forsaken,
 Thus will mourn, like yonder dove;
 For, ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
 I will seek my absent love.

The hostile country over,
 I'll fly, to seek my lover,

Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear :
 Nor distant shore,
 Nor cannon's roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
 A camp's distress to prove ;
 All other ills she can sustain,
 But living from her love :
 Yet, dearest, though your soldier's there,
 Will not your spirit fail,
 To mark the hardships you must share,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale ?

Or, should my love each danger scorn,
 Ah ! how shall I secure
 Your health, 'mid toils which you were born
 To soothe, but not endure ?
 A thousand perils I must view,
 A thousand ills assail ;
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.

THE fife and drum sound merrily ;
 A soldier, a soldier's the lad for me ;
 With my true love I soon will be :
 For who's so kind, so true as he ?
 With him in ev'ry toil I'll share ;
 To please him shall be all my care :
 Each peril I'll dare,
 And all hardships bear ;
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then, if kind Heav'n preserve my love,
 What rapt'rous joy shall his Nancy prove !

Swift

Swift through the camp shall my footsteps bound,
 To meet my William, with conquest crown'd.
 Close to my faithful bosom prest,
 Soon shall he hush his cares to rest ;
 Clasp'd in these arms,
 Forget war's alarms :
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

NO, 'twas neither form or feature
 Made me own your sov'reign sway ;
 E'en then the proudest gifts of Nature
 Could have triumph'd but a day.

Beauty's graces, though inviting,
 Scarce the ravish'd sense will bind :
 But, with Virtue's charms uniting,
 Steal Love's fetters o'er the mind.

TWO youths for my love are contending in
 vain ;

For, do what they can,
 Their suff'rings I rally, and laugh at their pain ;
 Which, which is the man ?
 Who deserves me the most, let me ask of my heart ;
 Is it Robin, who smirks and who dresses so smart,
 Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his
 plan ?

Which, which is the man ?

They bid me be prudent, and act as I ought ;
 I do what I can ;
 Yet, surely Papa and Mama are in fault.
 To a different man

They each have advis'd me to yield up my heart :—
Mama praises Robin, who dresses so smart;
Papa, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan.
Which, which is the man ?

Be honest, my heart, then, and point out the youth ;
I'll do what I can,
His love to return, and return it with truth,
Whoever's the man.
No longer I need to examine my heart ;
'Tis not Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so
smart,
But Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his
plan :
He, he is the man.

THEN, farewell, my trim-built wherry!
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell !
Never more at Chelsea Ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go ;
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry, Poor Tom !

OF sweethearts, so constant as I am,
Dear Nancy, you'll meet but with few ;
To love you more true, I defy 'em ;—
I always am thinking of you.

There

There are maidens would have me, in plenty,
 Nell, Cicely, Priscilla, and Sue :
 But, instead of all these, were there twenty,
 I never should think but of you.

False hearts all your money may squander,
 And only have pleasure in view ;
 Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
 Unless to get money for you.
 The tide, when 'tis ebbing and flowing,
 Is not to the moon half so true ;
 Nor my oars to their time, when I'm rowing,
 As my heart, my fond heart is to you.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air !
 Like sunny beams, his golden hair ;
 His voice was like the nightingale's :
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.
 How hard, such beauties to resign !
 And yet that cruel task is mine.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear, conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain ;
 But, Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more ;
 Each flow'r, in pity, droops its head :
 All nature does my loss deplore.
 All, all reproach the faithless swain :
 Yet, Damon still I seek in vain.

LOVE'S

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,
 Full of mischief, full of woe;
 All his joys are mix'd with smart,
 Thorns beneath his roses grow;
 And, serpent-like, he stings the breast,
 Where he is harbour'd and care's'd.

MY blifs too long my Fair denies;
 Apace the wafting summer flies;
 Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear:
 Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
 Oh! Love has fetters stronger far!
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breast;
 When thoughts torment, the first are best;
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay:
 Away, my Jessy, haste away.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheeks of morn,
 And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;
 When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,
 To hail the God of Light and Heat,
 Philander, from his downy bed,
 To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
 Crying, Awake! sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,

Which,

Which, that a kiss she might obtain,
 She artfully had clos'd again.
 He sunk, thus caught in Beauty's trap,
 Like Phœbus, into Thetis lap,
 And soon forgot, his first design
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She starting cry'd, " I am undone ;
 " Philander, charming youth, be gone ;
 " For this time, to your vows sincere,
 " Make Virtue, not yourself, appear ;
 " No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes ;
 " Forgive the simple, fond disguise :
 " To generous thoughts your heart incline,
 " And be my faithful Valentine."

The selfish passion sudden fled,—
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead ;
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one.
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love ;
 And, from that hour to life's decline,
 She bless'd the day of Valentine.

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the sportive lambkins play ;
 Nature gaily decks the ground,
 All in honour of the May.
 Like the sparrow, and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of Love.

Damon, thou hast found me long
 List'ning to thy soothing tale ;

And,

And thy soft, persuasive tongue
 Oft has held me in the dale.
 Take, O Damon, while I live,
 All which virtue ought to give.

Nor the verdure of the grove,
 Nor the garden's fairest flow'rs,
 Nor the meads where lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hours,
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella is not by.

Not the water's gentle fall
 By the banks, with poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd songster's call,
 Nor the pipe's melodious sound,
 Can delight Florella's ear,
 If her Damon be not near.

Let us love, and let us live,
 Like the cheerful season, gay ;
 Banish care, and let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant May :
 Like the cuckow, and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of Love.

IN love, should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th'excess of the heart ;
 If ought of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found,
 'Tis, sure, when this couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

FAIREST

FAIREST Isle, all isles excelling,
 Seat of pleasures, and of love;
 Venus here will choose her dwelling,
 And forsake her Cyprian grove.
 Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
 Care and Envy will remove;
 Jealousy, that poisons Passion;
 And Despair, that dies for Love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
 Sighs that blow the fire of Love;
 Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
 Shall be all the pains you prove.
 Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
 Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;
 And, as these excel in beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for love.

IANTHE the lovely, the joy of her swain,
 By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
 She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair:
 Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care;
 No delight, no enjoyment, their dotage withdrew,
 But, the longer they liv'd, still the sonder they
 grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain;
 Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the
 swain;
 Some swore 'twould be pity their loves to invade,
 That the lovers alone for each other were made;
 But all, all consented, that none ever knew
 A nymph be more kind, or a shepherd so true.

Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take
 care
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair;
 What

What either might want, he bid either to move :
 But they wanted nothing, but ever to love.
 He said all to bless them his godhead could do ;
 That they still should be kind, and they still should
 be true.

L OVELY Nymph, assuage my anguish ;
 At your feet, a tender Swain
 Prays you will not let him languish :
 One kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad that courts you,
 He not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports, you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

S HEPHERDS, I have lost my love !
 Have you seen my Anna ?
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna.

I, for her, my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain :

Never shall I see them more
 Until her returning ;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown ?
 Shepherds, tell me whither ?
 Ah ! woe for me ! perhaps she's gone,
 For ever, and for ever.

STRAY

STRAY not to those distant scenes;
 From thy comfort do not rove;
 Tarry in these peaceful glens:
 Tread the quiet paths of love.
 Is not this sequester'd shade
 Richer than the proud alcove?
 Tarry in this peaceful shade;
 Tarry here, with me and love.

Listen to the wood-lark's note,
 Listen to the cooing dove;
 Hark! the thrush's mellow note;
 All uniting carol love.
 See, the limpid brooks around,
 Winding through the varied grove.
 This is Passion's fairy ground:
 Tarry here, with me and love.

WHAT shepherd, or nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove,
 Since Delia no longer is here?
 My flocks, if at random they stray,
 What wonder, since she's from the plains?
 Her hand they were wont to obey:
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how I stray'd
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 'T' the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill?
 There, sweet by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!

P

How

How oft would I spy out a charm,
 Which before had been hid from my view?
 And while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips how they grew!
 How oft the sweet contest would last,
 Till the hours of retirement and rest,
 What pleasures and pains each had pass'd;
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best!

No changes of place or of time
 I felt, when my fair one was near;
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that checquer'd the year.
 In Winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease:
 We rose up, to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
 She had all the kind Gods could impart;
 She was Nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair and the envy of art.
 There, all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that is lovely is dress'd;
 For the Graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 And I thought, but it might not be so,
 She was sorry to see me depart.
 She cast such a languishing view,
 My path I could scarcely discern:
 So sweetly she bade me Adieu!
 I thought that she bade me return.

Methought,

Methought, she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear :
 For, whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted, and planted it there.
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore ;
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That would sing me a song in her praise.
 While he sings, may the maids of the town
 Come flocking, and listen awhile ;
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well !
 On him she may smile, if she please ;
 'Twill warm the cold bosom of Age ;—
 But cease, gentle Hebe, Oh, cease !
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To paint the dear charms I approve ;
 For what can a blossom bestow
 So sweet, so delightful as love ?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng ;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay,—
 Go, poets, and envy my song.

ASK, if yon damask rose be sweet,
 That scents the ambient air;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Sufanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
 And warble through the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share;
 Let pride in splendour shine;
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear;
 Be fair Sufanna mine.

SOFT pleasing pains, unknown before,
 My beating bosom feels,
 When I behold the peaceful bow'r
 Where dearest Delia dwells.
 There daily do I drive my flock;
 Ah! happy, happy vale!
 There sigh and look; and, whilst I look,
 My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight do I stray
 Beneath th' inclement skies,
 And there my true devotion pay
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes.
 So pious pilgrims nightly rove,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite faint.

Oh! tell, ye shades, that hold my fair,
 And all my bliss contain,
 Ah! why should ye those blessings share,
 For which I sigh in vain?

But

But let me not at fate repine,
Or thus my griefs impart;
She's not your tenant, she is mine:
Her mansion is my heart.

AT setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birkin bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shade, or fountain,
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee on yonder mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unfeign'd, and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

WHERE's my swain, so blithe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow?
Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here, with looks so bonny;
Love has flying wings, I well know,
Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny.

What can he be now a doing?
Is he with the lasses Maying?

He had better here be wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.
 Tell me truly, where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow;
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee?
 Let her be the happy creature;
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature.
 But I can't, and will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow;
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me:
 If I'm yours, pray wait no longer;
 If you won't, another'll have me;
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.
 If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow;
 Blest another lad may make ye:
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

WHERE, dear maid, (shouldst thou forsake me)
 Could unhappy Damon fly?
 To what other fair betake me,
 Banish'd from thy love-fraught eye?
 In the breast my bliss resides;
 Woe in ev'ry place besides!
 Should I thence by scorn be driven,
 For me remains no other Heav'n.

Other

Other maids may shine in riches,
 Other charms enchain the swain ;
 But the heart which love bewitches,
 Seeks in vain to shift its chain.
 In the ardent realms of Love,
 Joy and Peace united move ;
 Sep'rate each can never dwell :
 All is Heav'n, or all is Hell.

NO more the festive train I'll join ;
 Adieu ! ye rural sports, adieu !
 For what, alas ! have griefs like mine
 With pastimes or delights to do ?
 Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove :
 But I am all despair and love.

Ah ! well-a-day ! how chang'd am I !
 When late I seiz'd the rural reed,
 So soft my strains, the heads had by
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed ;
 But now my strains no longer move ;
 They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around, my straggling sheep,
 The fairest once upon the lea ;
 No swain to guide, no dog to keep ;
 Unhorn they stray, nor mark'd by me.
 The shepherds muse, to see them rove :
 They ask the cause : I answer, Love !

Neglected love first taught my eyes
 With tears of anguish to o'erflow ;
 'Twas that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
 And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe.
 Love has occasion'd all my smart,
 Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

BENEATH

BFNEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
 flow;
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain,
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could sur-
 vey;
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than
 they.
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue;
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same:
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retire;
 The breeze grow cool, not Strephon's desire;
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on the mind.
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

MY lodging is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare;
 But that which grieves me more, love,
 Is the coldness of my dear.

Yet

Yet still he cry'd, Turn, love,
 I pray thee, love, turn to me ;
 For, thou art the only girl, love,
 That is ador'd by me.

With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love,
 I'll marry thee with a rush ring :
 Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
 So merrily I shall sing.
 Yet still, &c.

But, if you will harden your heart, love,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan ;
 Oh ! I must endure the smart, love,
 And tumble in straw all alone.
 Yet still, &c.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,
 Fair Rosalie a rustic maid ;
 They look'd, they lov'd ; each other's joy,
 Together o'er the hills they stray'd.
 Their parents saw, and blest their love,
 Nor would their happiness delay :
 To-morrow's dawn their bliss shall prove,
 To-morrow be their wedding day.

When, as at eve, beside the brook,
 Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
 One luckless lamb the current took ;
 'Twas Rosalie's ; she started wild.
 Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite save !
 Too fatally the youth obey'd ;
 He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
 To give the little wand'rer aid.

But, scarce he guides him to the shore,
 When, faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies ;

Ah !

Ah, Rosalie ! for evermore
 In his cold grave thy lover lies !
 On that lone bank, Oh, still be seen,
 Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid ;
 And, with sad wreaths of Cypress green,
 For ever soothe thy Lubin's shade !

I SEEK my shepherd, gone astray ;
 He left our cot the other day.
 Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
 Pass'd the dear rebel through your plains ?
 Oh ! whither, whither must I roam,
 To find, and charm the wand'rer home ?

Sports he upon the sheaven green,
 Or joys he in the mountain scene ?
 Leads he his flocks along the mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler shade ?
 Oh ! teach a wretched nymph the way
 To find her lover, gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain—
 A manly softness crowns his mien ;
 Adonis was not half so fair ;
 And, when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear !
 But, Oh ! the soothing poison shun :
 To listen, is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame.
 To me the perjur'd swore the same,
 Too fondly loving, to be wise,
 Who gave my heart an easy prize ;
 And, when he tun'd his Syren voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But,

But, fated now, he shuns the kiss
 He counted once his greatest bliss ;
 Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
 And pant, and die for his return.
 Oh ! whither, whither shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying love ?

DID you see e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, pass
 this way,
 Crown'd with myrtle, and all the gay verdure of
 May ?
 'Tis my shepherd ; Oh, bring him once more to
 my eyes ;
 From his Lucy, in search of new pleasures, he
 flies.
 All the day, how I travell'd, and toil'd o'er the
 plains,
 In pursuit of a rebel, that's scarce worth the pains !

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters and
 swears,
 How you trust your own eyes, or believe your own
 ears ;
 Like the rose-bud in June, ev'ry hand he'll in-
 vite,
 But wound the kind heart, like the thorn out of
 sight ;
 And trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
 She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her
 pains.

Three months at my feet did he languish and
 sigh,
 Ere he gain'd a kind look, or a tender reply ;
 Love,

Love, honour, and truth, were the themes that he
 fung,
 And he vow'd that his soul was akin to his
 tongue.
 Too soon I believ'd, and replv'd to his strains,
 And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
 Soon the wanton grew weary, and flung it away ;
 Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does
 fly,
 In search of another as filly as I :
 But, trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
 She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her
 pains.

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you soothe the fond
 flame,
 And believe, in good time, all the sex are the
 same ;
 Like Strephon, from beauty to beauty they
 range ;
 Like him, they will flatter, dissemble, and change ;
 And, do all we can, still this maxim remains,
 That a man, when we've got him, is scarce worth the
 pains.

AH! why must words my flame reveal ?
 What needs my Damon bid me tell
 What all my actions prove ?
 A blush, whene'er I meet his eye,
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
 My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve ;

The

The rest, unheeded, dance or play ;
He steals from all my praise away :
And can he doubt my love ?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
The pleasures which my soul possesses,
And all its cares remove ;
Still, still too short appears his stay ;
I frame excuses for delay :
Can this be aught but love ?

Does any speak in Damon's praise,
How pleas'd am I with all he says,
And ev'ry word approve !
Is he defam'd, though but in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast :
Alas ! because I love !

But, Oh ! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect, his looks impart
The least desire to rove !
I hate the maid who gives me pain ;
Yet him I strive to hate in vain ;
For, ah ! that hate is love.

Then, ask not words, but read my eyes ;
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs :
All these my passion prove.
Words may deceive, may spring from art ;
But the true language of my heart
To Damon, must be love.

HOW imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart,
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart !

Q

When

When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat what broken, fault'ring, dying
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep Confusion's rosy terror,
 Quite expressive, paints my cheek :
 Ask no more, behold your error—
 Blushes eloquently speak.
 What, though silent is my anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the air ?
 Mark my eyes, and, as they languish,
 Read what yours have written there.

Oh ! that you could once conceive me,
 Once my soul's strong feelings view ;
 Love has nought more fond, believe me,
 Friendship, nothing half so true.
 From you, I am wild, despairing ;
 With you, speechless, as I touch :
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And, perhaps, declares too much.

WHY heaves my fond bosom ? Ah ! what can it
 mean ?

Why flutters my heart, which was once so serene ?

Why this sighing, and trembling, when Daphne is
 near ?

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear ?

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
 'The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face ;
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find :
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
 mind.

Untainted

Untainted with folly, unfullied by pride,
 'T'here native good-humour, and virtue, reside;
 Pray Heaven, that Virtue thy soul may supply,
 With compassion for him, who without thee must
 die.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble in your tongue?

Will you, in ev'ry look, declare,
 Your heart is still the same,
 And heal each idly anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame?
 Thus, Delia, thus, I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of leit'ring time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove,
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love,
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join,
 But grant me, here, the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

I LOCK'D up all my treasure,
I journey'd many a mile;
And, by my grief, did measure
The passing time the while.

My business done, and over,
I hasten'd back again,
Like an expecting lover,
'To view it once again.

But this delight was rifled,
As it began to dawn:
I found the casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.

REST, beauteous flow'r, and bloom anew,
To court my passing love;
Glow in his eye, with brighter hue,
And all thy form improve;
And, while thy balmy odours steal
To meet his equal breath,
Let thy soft blush, for mine, reveal
Th' imprinted kiss beneath.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear?
Why silent drops that crystal tear?
What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
Where love and peace delight to rest?
What, though thy Jockey has been seen,
With Molly, sporting on the green?
'Twas but an artful trick, to prove
The matchless force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true, a nosegay I had dress'd,
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast;
 But, 'twas at her desire, to try
 If Damon cast a jealous eye.
 These flow'rs will fade, by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn;
 But, in thy fragrant bosom, lies
 A sweet perfume, that never dies.

TO keep my gentle Jeffy,
 What labour would seem hard?
 Each toilsome task, how easy,
 Her love the sweet reward!

The bee, thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe,
 The sweet reward obtaining,
 Of honey, all the year.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd;
 Inflam'd with rage, at sad restraint,
 Which wise Mama ordain'd,
 And sorely vex'd, to play the saint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd,
 While wit and beauty reign'd,
 And sorely vex'd, &c.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls, must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast?
 While I am scarce a toast?
 That all mankind, &c.

Dear, dear Mama, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try:—
 I'll have my Earl, as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 Fond love prevail'd, Mama gave way;
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire,
 And set the world on fire.
 Obtain'd the, &c.

A BAND of Cupids, t'other day,
 Were in a myrtle grove;
 Till, tir'd of ev'ry boyish play,
 They made a match to rove.
 But, where? cries one; let's end this brawl,
 And fix upon a place:
 Hang Paphos, and Olympus-Hall:
 I vote for Chloe's face.

No sooner said, than off they flew;
 And, gathering round the fair,
 As swarming bees on flowers do,
 They settled here and there.
 Some on her lips, her nose, her chin;
 A score on either cheek;
 While fifty to her eyes went in,
 To play at hide and seek.

But

But Gravity itself must smile,
 The wranglers to have heard ;
 For place disputing all the while,
 Though each his own preferr'd ;
 Till, chancing from her lips to slide,
 One fell on Chloe's breast,
 And, as it heav'd, in triumph cry'd,
 Whose station's now the best ?

FOR me my Fair a wreath has wove,
 Where rival flow'rs in union meet ;
 As oft she kiss'd this gift of love,
 Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee, within a damask rose,
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip ;
 But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
 And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There, tasting all the bloom of spring,
 Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May ;
 Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
 And with the honey fled away.

STELLA, and Flavia, ev'ry hour
 Do various hearts surprise ;
 In Stella's soul is all her pow'r,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.
 More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
 And Stella's more confin'd ;
 All can discern a face that's fair,
 But few a heav'nly mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands ;

Like

Like Eastern Tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store ;
Each day that makes thy charms decrease,
Will give to Stella more.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind
That pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind ?

Is it because you fear to know
The ill which love molest ?
The tender care, the anxious fear,
Which racks the am'rous breast ?

Alas ! by some degree of woe,
We ev'ry bliss obtain ;
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
Which never felt a pain !

DEAR Chloe, how blubber'd is thy pretty face !
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all un-
curl'd !

Prithee, quit this caprice, and, as old Falstaff says,
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.
How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to de-
stroy

The beauties which Venus but lent to thy keep-
ing ?

Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy :
More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weep-
ing.

To

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment, at once, and my passion, you
 wrong;
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found
 wit:
 Odds-life! must one swear to the truth of a
 song?
 The God of us versemen, you know, child, the Sun,
 How, after his journey, he sets up his rest;
 If, at morning, o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
 At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So, when I am wearied with wand'ring all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the ev'ning I come:
 No matter, what beauties I met in the way;
 They were but my visits, but you are my home:
 Then, finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
 And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree;
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton in the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light.
 To Courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I my faithful vigil keep,
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till Moon unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May.

The

The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love ;
 At her approach, the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green.
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks—
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay ;
 Till May, in morning-robe, draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen,
 The nymphs and swains, exulting, cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

DOWN the bourn, or through the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd with the wind,
 Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,
 And sought his Annie fair and kind.
 Dear she lov'd the weel-known song,
 While her Johnny,
 Blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.
 Down the bourn, &c.

Of costly claiths, she had but few,
 Of pearls or jewels nae great store ;

Fair

Fair was her face, her love was true,
And Johnny wifely wish'd nae more :
Love's the pearl that shepherds prize,
O'er the mountain,
By the fountain,
Wins the heart, and wiles the eyes.
Down the bourn, &c.

Gowd and titles give not halth,
Johnny could nae these impart ;
Youthfoo Annie's g'eatest wealth
Was her faithfoo Johnny's heart.
Sweet the joys the lovers find ;
Great the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the bourn, &c.

MY love was once a bonny lad ;
He was the flow'r of all his kin :
The absence of his bonny face,
My tender heart has rent in twain.
By day or night, find no delight,
In silent tears I still complain,
And rail at those, my rival foes,
That took from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
Since I have lost my blooming rose ;
I sigh, and mourn, while others rest :
His absence yields me no repose.
To seek my love, I'll range and rove,
Through ev'ry grove, and distant p'ain ;
I ne'er will cease, but spend my days,
Until I find my darling swain.

I think

I think not strange, at Nature's change,
 Since parents shew'd such cruelty ;
 Therefore my love from me does rove,
 And knows not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids, and tender lambs,
 Shall cease to sport upon the plain ;
 But they lament, in discontent,
 For th' absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me you intreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale ;
 Your dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
 For to convey me on their tail.
 May heavens bless me with success,
 While crossing on the raging main,
 And send me o'er to that same shore,
 To meet my lovely, darling swain.

All joy and mirth, at our return,
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay ;
 The bells shall ring, the birds shall sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus, blest with charms, in my love's arms,
 Once more my heart I will obtain ;
 I'll range no more t' a distant shore,
 But will enjoy my darling swain.

WITH broken words, and downcast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender ;
 And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
 Ah ! woe's my heart, that we should sunder !
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes, like tinder ;
 From thee, with pain, I'm forc'd to go ;
 It breaks my heart, that we should sunder.

Chain'd

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range :
 No beauty new, my love shall hinder ;
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
 My vows, though we're oblig'd to funder.
 The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauty, which invites our wonder,
 Thy lovely wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, though we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder ;
 Then, seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, though we funder.
 Ye Gods, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her, I may find her :
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

I WINNA marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the
 Lee ;

I winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the Lee.

I winna ha the Dominee for gude he canna be ;

But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
 Lee ;

For he's aye a kissing, kissing aye a kissing me,
 He's aye a kissing, kissing, a kissing me.

I will not ha the minister, I'll ha his godly looks ;
 Nor yet will I the lawyer a, with all his wily
 crooks.

I will not ha the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the
 miller :

But I will ha my Sandy lad, without one penny
 filler ;

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

R

I will

I will not ha the foldier lad, for he gangs to the
war ;
I will not ha the sailer lad, because he finells of
tar ;
I will not ha the Lord nor Laird, for all their mickle
gear :
But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
meir ;
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

MY Soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money for me ;
And, when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady :
My bleffing gang with my Soger laddie !

My bonny laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a Soger and Lover behave ;
He's true to his country, to love he is steady ;
There's few to compare to my Soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, from death, in alarms !
Return him, with laurels, to my longing arms !
Since, from all my care ye'll presently free me,
When back to my wishes my Soger ye gi'e me.

Oh ! soon may hi' honours bloom fair on his brow !
As quickly they must, if he gets but his due ;
For, in noble action, his courage is ready ;
Which makes me delight in my Soger laddie.

A LASS that was laden with care,
Sat heavily under a thorn ;

I listen'd

I listen'd, and heard the soft fair,
While thus she began for to mourn:
Sa merry as we twa ha been!
My heart, it is like to despair,
When I think on the days I have seen!

When thou, my dear shepherd, wast there,
Each bird did so cheerfully sing,
That the cold nipping winter did wear
Soft looks, that resembled the spring.
Sa merry, &c.

No king was so happy as I,
When we parted last time on the green!

Our flocks feeding close by our side,
And he fondly grasping my hand,
I view'd the wide world with much pride,
And laugh'd at desire and command.
Sa merry, &c.

When my heart and my eyes did combine,
To give ease to my languishing swain.

When you, my dear shepherd, thought fit
To disperse the impertinent throng,
What joy and what pleasure was it,
To be with my shepherd alone!
Sa merry, &c.

No king was so happy as I,
When we parted last time on the green!

My dear, he would oftentimes say,
Why are you hard-hearted to me?
And why do you fly so away
From him that is dying for thee?
Sa merry, &c.

I envy'd no Princes or Powers,
When I heard the soft sighs of my swain.

But, now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which gares me repent, day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 Sa merry, &c.

My heart's like to break with despair,
 For the days that are now past and gone

At e'en, when the rest of the folk
 Are thrang'd with their coag and their spoon,
 I set mysel down by yon oak,
 And heartily sigh at the moon.
 Sa merry, &c.

My heart's like to break with despair,
 For the days that will ne'er come again!

O SHAME 'light on this world's pelf,
 When I see how little o't I've got to my self!
 I'm wae, when I look on my thread-bare coat;
 O shame fa' the gear, and the brag'rie o't!

For Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre;
 But now she is clad in her silken attire;
 And Jenny was the lass that wore the plaiden coat:
 O shame fa' the gear, and the brag'rie o't!

And Jockey was the laddie that gade at the plough,
 Though now he's gotten gowd, and gear enough;
 But I have seen the day, when he was not worth a
 groat;
 O shame fa' the gear, and the brag'rie o't!

But all this shall never dauntin me,
 As long as I keep my fancy free;
 As long's I have a penny, to pay for my pot,
 May the de'il take the gear, and the brag'rie o't!

O HAD

O HAD away, had away,
 Had away frae me, Donald;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane;
 It is not meet for me, Donald.
 Some fickle mistress you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's nae thing such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald;
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much;
 I'll hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore, nae mair with art pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
 For words of falsehood, I'll defend
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
 Apparent worth, and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Ilk virtue, then, seem'd to adorn
 'The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
 But now, the mask fall'n aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away from me, Donald!
 Gae, seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald!
 For I'll reserve mysel for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald.
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo man nor thee, Donald.

ON Etrick banks, in a summer's night,
 At Gloming, when the sheep drove hame,
 I met my lassie, bra and tight,
 Came wading barefoot a her lane.
 My heart grew light, I ran, I sang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kifs'd, and clipt her there fu' lang :
 My words they were nac mony, 'feck.

I said, My lassie, will you go
 To the Highland hills, the Ersh to learn ;
 Ill beath gie thee a cow and yew,
 When you come to the brigg of Earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herring at the Broomy Law ;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day, when we ha wrought enough,
 When winter's frost and snow begin,
 And when the sun goes west the Loch,
 At night, when you fa fast to spin,
 I'll screw my drones and play a spring ;
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kids and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

THE Lads of Patie's Mill,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When treading o'er the hay,
 Bare-headed, on the green,
 Love midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her

Her arms, white, round, and smooth ;
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To Age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand !
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extacy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness found,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks, they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd ;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh, had I all the wealth,
 Hopton's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will ;
 I'd promise, and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The Lass of Patie's Mill,
 Should share the same with me.

IN cooling stream, O sweet repose,
 Those balmy dews distill,
 That steal the mourner from his woes,
 And bid despair be still.
 Prolong the smiling infant's rest,
 Who yet no sorrow knows :
 But, oh ! the mother's bleeding breast,
 To softest peace compose !

For

For her, the fairest dreams adorn,
 That wave on Fancy's wing,
 The purple of ascending morn,
 The bloom of op'ning spring.
 Let all that soothes the soul, or charms,
 Her midnight hours employ,
 Till, blest again in Alfred's arms,
 She wakes to real joy.

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee,
 And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
 On Lords, your admirers, you look'd with disdain,
 And knew I was nothing, yet pitied my pain.
 You said, when they teaz'd you with nonsense and
 drefs,
 Where real's the passion, the vanity's less;
 You saw through that silence which others despise,
 And, while beaux were prating, read love in my
 eyes.

Oh! where is the nymph that like you ne'er can
 cloy,
 Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy;
 And, when the short transport of love's at an end,
 From passionate mistress, turn sensible friend?
 When I see you, I love you—but, hearing, adore;
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
 Till, mad with admiring, I cannot refrain,
 And, kissing those lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair?
 I'll gaze on thy beauty, and look away care;
 I'll ask thy advice, when with trouble oppress'd,
 Which never displeases, but always is best.

In all that I'll do, I'll thy judgment require;
 Thy taste shall correct what thy wit did inspire;
 Then I'll kiss, and caress thee, till youth is all o'er;
 And then live on friendship, when passion's no more.

'T WAS in that season of the year
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose, and sung his rural lay.
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung:
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
 Whilst Rosline-Cattle heard the swain,
 And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms; awake, and sing;
 Awake! and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song;
 To Nanny, raise the cheerful lay:
 Oh! bid her haste, and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn!

Oh, hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay.
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song:
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Oh, come, my love! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls; Oh, come away!
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine!

Oh,

Oh, hither haste! and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring;
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine:
 But, Oh, they're vain, and idle gaudy;
 How much unlike that graceful mien,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie!
 Oh, my bonny Highland laddie,
 My handsome, smiling, Highland laddie!
 May Heav'n's still guard, and love reward,
 The Lawland lass, and her Highland laddie!

If I were free, at will to choose,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald, without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
 Oh, my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in Burrow's town,
 In a' his airs, with art made reedy,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown:
 He's finer far in's Tartan plaidie.
 Oh, my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty hill, with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin, and daddy:
 Fra' winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
 Oh, my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush, in's Highland plaidy.
 Oh, my bonny, &c.

Few

Few compliments between us pass ;
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie ;
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Sine rows me in beneath his plaidy.
 Oh, my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and stead,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.
 Oh, my bonny, &c.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like
 me,
 So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ?
 I tatted, I rambled, I laugh'd ; and where'er
 A fiddle was heard, to be sure, I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
 'Twas this, sir—and that, sir ; but scarce ever, Nay ;
 And Sunday, drest out in my silks and my lace,
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty, I got me a husband—poor man !
 Well rest him—we all are as good as we can !
 Yet, he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws ;
 And jealous—though truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone ;
 Egad I've a tongue—and I paid him his own.
 Ye wives take the hint ; and when spouse is untow'rd,
 Stand firm to our charter—and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd,—the more to my woe,
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago !
 'This Time's a fore fore, there's no shunning his dart ;
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown

Grown old, yet I hate to be fitting mum-chance;
 I still love a tune, though unable to dance;
 And, books of devotion laid by on the shelf,
 I teach that to others, I once did myself.

THE May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, and dancing, and show;
 Then, why will you waste such a treasure,
 In sighing, and crying Heigh-ho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;
 By hers tune your pipe, when 'tis low;
 Fly round, and coquet it as she does,
 And never sit crying Heigh-ho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover
 It sometimes may happen, I know,
 That, ere all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying Heigh-ho!

In age, every one a new part takes;
 I find, to my sorrow, 'tis so;
 When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
 But no one will mind you, Heigh-ho!

O THE days when I was young,
 When I laugh'd in Fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night!
 Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.
 O the days, &c.

Truth,

Truth, they say, lies in a well ;
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see ;
 Let the water-drinkers tell :
 There it always lay for me :
 For, when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I Falsehood's mask ;
 But, still honest Truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.
 O the days, &c.

Truth, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay :
 Few the locks that now I own ;
 And the few I have are grey !
 Yet, old Jerome, thou mayst boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still, beneath thy age's frost,
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 O the days, &c.

AMO, amas ! I love a lass,
 As a cedar, tall and slender ;
 Sweet cowslips grace her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.
 Horum, corum, sunt divorum,
 Harum scarum. divo,
 Tag-rag, merry derry, perry-wig, and hat-band,
 Hic hoc horum genitivo.

Can I decline a nymph divine,
 Whose voice as a flute is dulcis,
 Her oculus bright, her manus white,
 And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.
Cho. Horum corum, &c.

S

O how

O how bella my Puella !
 I'll kiss, secula seculorum ;
 If I've luck, sir, she's my uxor,
 O dies benedictorum !
Cho. Horum corum, &c.

'T WAS I learnt a pretty song in France,
 And I brought it o'er the sea by chance ;
 And then in Wapping I did dance :
 Oh, the like was never seen !
 For I made the music loud for to play,
 All for to pass the dull hours away ;
 And, when I had nothing left for to say,
 Then I sung Fal-de-ral Tit,
 Tit-fal-de-ral, Tit-fal-de-ray,
 Then we sung Fal-de-ral Tit.

As I was walking down Thames-street,
 A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet ;
 And I was resolv'd him for to treat
 With a can of grog, gillio !
 A can of grog they brought us strait,
 All for to pleasure my ship-mate,
 And satisfaction give him strait :
 Then I sung Fal-de-ral Tit, &c.

The Maccaronies next came in,
 All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim,
 And thinking for to strike me dumb.
 Some were short, and some were tall,
 But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
 For I dous'd their heads against the wall :
 Then I sung Fal-de-ral Tit, &c.

The landlord, then, aloud did say,
 As how he wish'd I'd go away ;
 And, if I 'tempted for to stay,
 As how he'd take the law.

Lord

Lord d—me ! says, I, you may do your worst,
 For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst.
 All this I said, and nothing worse :
 Then I sung Fal-de-al Tit, &c.

It's when I've cross'd the raging main,
 And be come back to Old England again,
 Of grog I'll drink galore ;
 With a pretty girl for to sit by my side,
 And for her costly robes I'll provide ;
 So that she shall be satisfied :
 Then I'll sing Fal-de-ral Tit, &c.

YE Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers, and all upon the
 lay,
 At Tot-hill-Fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs ye
 sport and play ;
 Rattling up your darbies, come hither at my call ;
 I am Jigger-Dubber here, and you're welcome to
 Mill-Doll.
 With a row-de-row-de-row, with a row-de-row,
 row-de-row,
 Row-de-row-de-row, with a row-de-row-de-row.

At your insurance office the flats you've taken in ;
 The game you've play'd, my Kiddy, you're always
 sure to win ;
 First you touch the shiners, the number up—you
 break :
 With your insuring policy, I'd not insure your
 neck !

Row-de-row, &c.

The French, with trotters nimble, could fly from
English blows ;
And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur plainly
shews ;
Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd ! Ay, thump away,
Monsieur :
The hemp you're beating now will make a soli-
taire.

Row-de-dow, &c.

My peepers ! who've we here now ? why this is sure
Black Moll ;
My ma'am, you're of the fair sex, so welcome to
Mill-Doll.
The cull with you who'd venture into a snoozing
ken,
Like Blackamoor Othello, should put out the light,
and then—

Row-de-dow, &c.

I think, my flashy Coachman, that you'll take better
care ;
Nor for a little bub, come the slang upon your
fare ;
Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you tip :
Though you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger
holds the whip.

Row-de-dow, &c.

A MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
And he'll get a wife as soon as he can ;
With a haily-gaily, gambo-raily, giggling, niggling,
galloping, galloway, draggletail dreary-dun.

I fiddled

I faddled his steed so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
I mounted my mule, and we both rode away :
 With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
The nightingale sung instead of the lark :
 With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
By the Lord, says the friar, you've both gone
 astray !
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood !
 With our haily, &c.

I heard a shot fir'd, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
But now I think on it, I'd better go sleep :
 With my haily, &c.

OLD Homer ! but with him what have we to
do ?

What are Grecians or Trojans to me or to you ?
Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke :
Choice Spirits, assist me : attend, Hearts of Oak.
Derry-down, down, down, derry-down.

Sweet Peace, beloved handmaid of Science and
Art,
Unanimity, take your petitioner's part ;

Accept of my song: 'tis the best I can do—
But first, may it please you, my service to you !
Derry-down, &c.

Perhaps, my address you may premature think,
Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink ;
There are many fine toasts ; but the best of 'em all,
Is the toast of the times ; that is—Liberty-Hall !
Derry-down, &c.

That fine British building, by Alfred was fram'd :
Its grand corner-stone Magna-Chara is nam'd ;
Independency came at Integrity's call,
And form'd the front pillars of Liberty-Hall.
Derry-down, &c.

This manor our forefathers bought with their blood ;
And their sons, and their sons sons, have prov'd the
deeds good ;
By that title we live, with that title we'll fall,
For life is not life out of Liberty-Hall.
Derry-down, &c.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold,
Playing bright in the sun-shine, the burnish of
gold ;
Truth beams on her breast ; see, at Loyalty's call,
The genius of England in Liberty-Hall !
Derry-down, &c.

Ye sweet-smelling courtlings of ribband and lace,
The spaniels of Power, and Bounty's disgrace,
So subtle, so servile, so passive ye fall ;
'Twas passive obedience lost Liberty-Hall !
Derry-down, &c.

But

But when Revolution had settled the crown,
 And Natural Reason knock'd Tyranny down,
 No frowns, cloth'd with terror, appear'd to appall;
 The doors were thrown open of Liberty-Hall!
 Derry-down, &c.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea;
 Her standard is Justice; her watch-word, Be free!
 Our King is our countryman—Englishmen all!
 God bless him, and bless us, in Liberty-Hall!
 Derry-down, &c.

Ob! Vere is des All?—Monsieur wants to know.
 'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainebleau:
 'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art:
 For Liberty-Hall is an Englishman's heart!
 Derry-down, &c.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind;
 Thou art not so unkind,
 As men's ingratitude.
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot.
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not!

THOU

THOU soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal thy Shakspeare
would dream.

The fairies by moon-light dance round his green
bed;

For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head!

The love-stricken maiden, the fighting young swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;
The sweet bud of beauty no blights here shall dread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head!

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their
truth;

Here smiling old-age feels the spirit of youth;

For rapture of fancy here poets shall tread,

For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head!

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!

Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow!

Ever full be thy stream: like his fame may it spread,

And the turf ever hallow'd that pillow'd his head!

WHILST, happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter,

I'll never basely lend my hand

Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all

By poverty degraded:

'Tis guilt alone can make us fall;

And well I am persuaded,

Each free-born Briton's song should be,

Or give me death or liberty!

Or give, &c.



Though

Though small the pow'r which Fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling often wants
 That freedom which defends us.
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our *castellum* :
 Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em ?
 No ! every Briton's song shall be, &c.

TO Anacreon in Heav'n, where he sat in full
 glee,
 A few Sons of Harmony sent a petition,
 That he their inspirer and patron would be ;
 When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Gre-
 cian :—
 “ Voice, fiddle, and flute
 “ No longer be mute :
 “ I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to-
 boot ;
 “ And, besides, I'll instruct you, like me to en-
 twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine !”

The news through Olympus immediately flew ;
 When Old Thunder pretended to give himself
 airs—
 “ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pur-
 sue,
 “ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
 “ Hark ! already they cry,
 “ In transports of joy,
 “ Away to the Sons of Anacreon we'll fly ;
 “ And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to en-
 twine
 “ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

“ The

" The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine lusty maids,
 " From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee ;
 " Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 " And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be !
 " My thunder, no fear on't,
 " Shall soon do its errand ;
 " And, dam' me ! I'll swinge the ring-leaders,
 I warrant ;
 " I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to
 'twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, " Prythee, ne'er quarrel,
 " Good King of the Gods, with my vot'ries be-
 low :
 " Your thunder is useless"—then, shewing his laurel,
 Cry'd " *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !
 " Then over each head
 " My laurels I'll spread :
 " So, my sons from your crackers no mischief
 shall dread ;
 " Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially
 'twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join—
 " The tide of full harmony still shall be his,
 " But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall
 be mine.
 " Then, Jove, be not jealous
 " Of these honest fellows."—
 Cry'd Jove, " We relent, since the truth you
 now tell us ;
 " And swear by Old Styx, that they long shall en-
 twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye

Ye Sons of Anacreon, then, join hand-in-hand ;
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love !
'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd ;
You've the sanction of Gods, and the *fat* of Jove !
While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united, and free !
And long may the Sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo !
O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
And turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
The cuckoo, then, &c.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch, when owls do cry ;
On the bat's back do I fly,
After sun-set, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough !

TO

TO fair Fidele's glassy tomb,
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And tender virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew,
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And deck thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft, at ev'ning hours,
 Shall kindly lend its little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
 Or 'midst the chace upon the plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell !

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
 For thee the tear be daily shed ;
 Belov'd, till life could charm no more ;
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self is dead !

ON tree-topp'd hill, or tufted green,
 While yet Aurora's veil is seen,
 Before the sun has left the sea,
 Let the fresh morning breathe on me.

To furze-blown heath, or pasture mead,
Do thou my happy footsteps lead;
Then shew me to the pleasing stream
Of which, at night, so oft I dream.

At noon, the mazy wood I'll tread,
With autumn leaves and dry moss spread,
And cooling fruits for thee prepare;
For sure, I think, thou wilt be there.

Till birds begin their ev'ning song,
With thee, the time seems never long:
O let us speak our love that's past,
And count how long it has to last!

I'll say eternally, and thou
Shalt only look as kind as now.
I ask no more than that affords,
What is not in the force of words.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover, once blest, is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar:
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The linnet and sparrow will feed from your hand,
Grow fond by your kindness, and come at command:
Exert, with your husband, the same happy skill;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd at your
will.

T

Be

Be gay, and good-humour'd, complying, and kind ;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind :

'Tis there that the wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of Love.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little
things,

Who trip in this frolicksome round,
Prithee, tell me from whence this indecency springs,
The sexes at once to confound.

What means the cock'd-hat, and the masculine air,
With each motion design'd to perplex ?

Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And softness the test of your sex,

Dear girls !

And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
May call ev'ry art to her aid ;

The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade.

But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,

Should slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent airs,

Brave girls !

Not with open, &c.

The Venus whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view,

And kindly should seem by the artist design'd
To serve as a model for you.

Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal ;

Our

Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal,
Sweet girls !
 And double, &c.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure ;
 Oh ! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure.
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
 But, believe me, you'll never be wives,
Poor girls !
 But, believe me, &c.

AH ! tell me, ye swains, have you seen my Pas-
 tora ?
 O say, have you met the sweet nymph in your
 way ?
 Transcendant as Venus, and blithe as Aurora,
 From Neptune's bed rising, to hail the new day.
 Forlorn do I wander, and long time have fought
 her,
 The fairest, the rarest, for ever my theme :
 A Goddess in form, though a Cottager's Daughter,
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding
 stream.

Though lordlings so gay, and young 'squires have
 fought her,
 To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain ;
 Devoid of ambition, the Cottager's Daughter
 Convinc'd them their flatt'ry and offers were
 vain.

When first I beheld her, I fondly besought her,
 My heart did her homage, and love was my
 theme ;
 She vow'd to be mine, the sweet Cottager's Daughter,
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding
 stream.

Then, why thus alone does she leave me to languish ?

Pastora to splendor could ne'er yield her hand ;
 Ah, no ! she returns, to remove my fond anguish :
 O'er her heart, Love and Truth retain the command.

The wealth of Golconda could never have bought
 her,

For love, truth, and constancy, still is her theme ;
 Then give me, kind Hymen, the Cottager's Daughter,

That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding
 stream.

AS cross the field, the other morn,
 I tripp'd so blithe and gay,
 The 'squire, with his dog and gun,
 By chance came by that way.
 Whither so fast, sweet maid ? he cry'd,
 And caught me round the waist ;
 Pray stop awhile—Dear Sir, said I,
 I can't, for I'm in haste.

You must not go as yet, cried he,
 For I have much to say ;
 Come, sit you down, and let us chat
 Upon this new-mown hay.—
 I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd
 Those ruby lips to taste ;
 I'll have a kiss—Well, then, said I,
 Be quick, for I'm in haste.

Just

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hodge
 Come through a neighb'ring gate :
 He caught my hand, and cry'd, Dear girl,
 I fear I've made you wait ;
 But here's the ring, come let's to church,
 The joys of love to taste—
 I left the 'squire, and, laughing, cry'd,
 You see, Sir, I'm in haste.

WHILE high the foaming surges rise,
 And pointed rocks appear,
 Loud thunders rattle in the skies,
 Yet sailors must not fear.
 In storms, in wind,
 Their duty mind ;
 Aloft, below,
 They cheerful go,
 To reef, or steer, as 'tis design'd ;
 No fears or dangers fill the mind.

The signal for the line is made,
 The haughty foe's in fight,
 The bloody flag aloft display'd,
 And fierce the dreadful fight.
 Each minds his gun,
 No dangers shun ;
 Aloft, below,
 They cheerful go ;
 Though thunders roar, yet still we find,
 No fears alarm the sailor's mind.

The storm is hush'd, the battle's o'er,
 The sky is clear again ;
 We toss the can to those on shore,
 While we are on the main.

To Poll and Sue,
Sincere and true,
The grog goes round,
With pleasure crown'd.
In war or peace, alike you'll find,
That honour fills the sailor's mind.

THE rose with sweet fragrance delights,
And sweet is the eglantine breeze ;
But in Colin all sweetness unites,
For Colin for ever could please ;
Yet now, in each wood and sad grove,
I mourn that my joys are no more ;
The shepherd is false, yet I love ;
He's fickle, yet still I adore.

How soft was each note, when he sung !
His accents how tender and sweet !
And honey sure dropp'd from his tongue,
When my praises the swain would repeat.
But now in each wood, &c.

When he hears my sad knell o'er the lawn,
Perhaps he may shed a fond tear,
Perhaps he may sigh all forlorn
For Phillis that lov'd him so dear.
Yet now in each wood, &c.

WHEN I liv'd with my Grannam on yon little
green,
As good an old woman as ever was seen,
She oft read me lectures of prudence and care,
And bade me, of all things, of men to beware ;
Said

Said she, They will flatter, and lie, and deceive,
And you're lost, my dear Rose, if you dare to be-
lieve.

I thought it was strange, and indeed was afraid
It would be my hard fortune to die an old maid.

I met with young Colin one night in the grove ;
He talk'd of the joys and the pleasures of love ;
But my grandmother's lectures so ran in my head,
That I could not attend to a word that he said.
Thought I, what a fuss the old women all make !
I think in my heart they must make a mistake ;
For if ev'ry young girl of the men were afraid,
Why my Grannam herself must have been old maid.

The next time young Colin his courtship renew'd,
I candidly own'd that my heart was subdued :
He swore that he lov'd me as dear as his life,
And, if I'd consent, he would make me his wife ;
Then begg'd the next morn I'd his wishes fulfill ;
Said I, E'en let Grandmother scold as she will,
Of so gentle a swain I shall ne'er be afraid
And it's better to marry than die an old maid.

THOUGH the Muses ne'er smile by the light of
the sun,
Yet they visit my cot when my labour is done ;
And whilst on my pillow of straw I recline,
A wreath of sweet flow'rets they sportively 'twine ;
But in vain the fair damsels weave chaplets for me,
Since my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

Full oft I reflect on my indigent state,
But reflection and reason are ever too late ;

They

They tell me I sigh for too beauteous a fair,
 And fill my sad bosom with doubts and despair;
 Then Hope, kindly smiling, averts their decree,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

When the shrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light
 dance,
 With transports I see my dear Mary advance;
 Then such grace she displays while she trips 'mid the
 throng,
 That each shepherd with rapture to her tunes his
 song;
 But by none she's lov'd with such truth as by me,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

MY mither she makes sic a din,
 Because young Patie woos me;
 Yet on the lad I canna blin,
 For well I ken he loos me;
 Na fault in him I canna find,
 He speaks sa kind and fairly;
 'Tis he alone can please my mind,
 For troth I loo him dearly.

Sa sweetly on the pipe he plays,
 And sings sa fast a ditty,
 While round my ewes are seen to graze,
 To scorn him were a pity.
 To him I vow I'll be sincere,
 And ever speak him fairly;
 For in my heart I must declare,
 In truth I loo him dearly.

My mither, and my daddy too,
 May scold indeed, and teaze me;
 Yet I've a right to choose my Joe,
 The only one to please me:

To

To wed wi' him I am inclin'd,
To-morrow morning early;
And then baith aw my kin and kind
Will see I loo him dearly.

O TELL me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
Pass'd my dear Damon o'er your plains?
O cheer with hope my lonely way:
I seek my love that's gone astray.
Leads he his flock along the mead,
Or does he seek the cooler shade?
O teach a hapless maid the way
To find her shepherd gone astray.

Observe, ye fair, the truant swain:
A manly softness crowns his mien;
Adonis was not half so fair;
And when he sings, 'tis heav'n to hear.
Leads he his flock, &c.

Ye nymphs, the sweets of freedom prize,
And shun the witchcraft of his eyes;
Fly from his charms, nor stay too long
To hear his soft enchanting song.
Leads he his flock, &c.

JUST when the blooming fragrant Spring
Proclaim'd the near approach of May,
When in the grove the blackbirds sing
Their cheerful notes on ev'ry spray;
Young Sandy sought the rural green,
The rustic dance, the tuneful reed;
And Jenny's charms first caught his teen,
Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

She

She was sa fair, sa blithe a lass,
 She danc'd and mov'd like any queen ;
 Her smiles would May day morn surpass,
 And laughing love was in her een.
 From reky morn to night he'd rove,
 And to fast strains he tun'd his reed ;
 He sung of bonny Jane, and love,
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

The God of Love was Sandy's friend,
 And look'd wi' gentle pity down ;
 A pointed dart did quickly send,
 And made the bonny lass his own.
 More fair and dear since marriage vow,
 To her and love he tunes his reed ;
 In sweet delight they revel now
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

NOT long before the close of day,
 When weary Sol was waning,
 Reclin'd upon a flow'ry bue,
 Young Sandy sat contemplating:
 Oh, what a gowk was I in love,
 Sae mickle time to spend on't,
 Since Meg will neither kinder prove,
 Nor frankly make an end on't !

Since Meg began to scowl and flyte,
 And torture me wich scorning,
 I joyless gang to bed at night,
 And rise with grief at morning.
 But let her flout, and slight my love,
 For troth she may depend on't,
 If she's unkind, I'll scornful prove,
 And so will make an end on't.

Now

Now scarce had Sandy utter'd this,
 Ere Meg appear'd, whose beauty
 Pourtray'd the scenes of future blifs,
 And brought him to his duty.
 Oh, take my heart, dear Meg, said he,
 Indeed you may depend on't ;
 Then led her to the kirk with glee,
 And there they made an end on't.

WERE Nancy but a rural maid,
 And I her only swain,
 We'd tend our flocks on flow'ry mead,
 And on the verdant plain.
 In Nancy ev'ry joy combine,
 With grace and blooming youth ;
 In her with lucid brightness shine
 Love, constancy, and truth.

When Phœbus bright sinks in the west,
 And flocks are pent in fold,
 Beneath a fav'rite tree we'll rest,
 In joys not to be told.
 In Nancy ev'ry, &c.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural peace ;
 While wedded love that never cloy,
 Should crown our days in peace.
 In Nancy ev'ry, &c.

LORD, what a fuss my mother made,
 When Colin came this way,
 Because he caught me in his arms,
 And kiss'd me t'other day !

She

She scolded me both day and night,
 And was in such a taking !
 But if she thinks I'll not have him,
 I'm sure she is mistaken.

I told her, Colin lov'd me well,
 And meant not to deceive me ;
 And said, that from my present need
 He quickly would relieve me.
 But mother said, he was a wag,
 Who'd set my heart aching ;
 And if I thought he'd marry me,
 I surely was mistaken.

I knew 'twas false, but thought it best
 To feign that I believ'd her ;
 And so, by playing cunningly,
 Completely have deceiv'd her :
 And we've agreed, to-morrow morn,
 Before she thinks of waking,
 To tie the knot that soon will shew
 How much she is mistaken.

EACH fluent bard, replete with wit,
 In equal numbers shines ;
 And smoothly flows some fancied name,
 To grace his polish'd lines :
 He calls the Muses to his aid,
 In verse he tells his am'rous tale ;
 Be thou my Muse, thou much-lov'd Maid,
 The fairest flow'r of Hedfor Dale.

I feel the warm, the pleasing fire,
 Within my bosom roll ;
 And purest love, and chaste desire,
 Steal softly on my soul.

In vain I would the flame conceal,
 And hide those cares my heart assail;
 My talk, and look, and sighs prevail,
 I love the flow'r of Hedfor Dale.

What pity, that a nymph so fair,
 With winning shape and face,
 Should be devoted to some clown,
 Or rustic's rude embrace!
 That form demands a better fate:
 Sweet hope, perhaps I can prevail;
 I'll try, before it is too late,
 To cull the flow'r of Hedfor Dale.

WHEN Spring, dispensing sweets around,
 In gayest liv'ry deck'd the ground;
 Just when the fragrant breath of morn
 Had shook the dew-drops from the thorn;
 To yonder mead my flock I led,
 And gayly caroll'd as they fed.
 Of all the swains who trip the green,
 Or pipe in yonder vale,
 None look so neat, or pipe so sweet,
 As Willy of the Dale.

My heart came flatt'ring to my tongue,
 As thus my Willy's praise I sung:
 But never sure was simple maid
 By her own folly thus betray'd;
 For, turning round, I saw the swain
 Stand sily list'ning to the strain:
 My cheek he tapp'd, my hand he press'd,
 And told so sweet a tale;
 Devoid of art, I gave my heart
 To Willy of the Dale.

Next morn he search'd the fields and bow'rs,
 To cull for me the sweetest flow'rs ;
 Then cry'd, These flow'rs, my charming fair,
 The emblems of thy beauties are :
 Let Hymen join us then, dear maid,
 Before those transient beauties fade.
 In such a gentle voice he woo'd,
 How could he but prevail !
 I vow'd through life to be the wife
 Of Willy of the Dale.

LET philosophers prate about reason and rules,
 And preach musty maxims design'd but for
 fools ;
 From a brisk sparkling bowl brighter sentiments
 flow ;
 And I find myself wiser, the deeper I go.
 We can teach them to live, and by practice explain
 What in theory only they ever could gain ;
 Draw the cloud from their eyes that o'er shadows the
 foul,
 And enlighten their heads with a sup from my
 bowl.

May the pedant be lost in his phantom pursuit,
 Whilst I revel in wine, and with bumpers recruit :
 Since the wisest can never perfection attain,
 Why should life proffer sweets and enjoyments in
 vain ?
 Let not man then his time in such foppery waste,
 Or refuse mingled sweets with the bitters to taste ;
 But thus let him waft to Elysium his soul,
 In an ocean of liquor, his vessel the bowl.

Relax'd

Relax'd from the cares of the world let me live,
 'Gainst the rude stream of life that I never may
 strive ;
 With a friend to partake, and a girl to adore ;
 What mortal so happy ? what man could wish more ?
 Dull mechanical mortals may look and repine,
 Their hearts can ne'er glow with such feelings as
 mine ;
 But such feelings, such joys, receive birth in the
 soul,
 When thus mellow'd, thus rear'd, and refin'd in my
 bowl.

FICKLE blifs, fantaſtic treasure,
 Love, how ſoon thy joys are paſt !
 Since we ſoon muſt loſe the pleaſure,
 Oh, 'twere better ne'er to taſte.
 Fickle blifs, &c.

Cruel thoughts, that pain, yet pleaſe me,
 Ah, no more my reſt deſtroy ;
 Shew me ſtill, if you would eaſe me,
 Love's deceit, but not its joy.
 Fickle blifs, &c.

Gods ! what kind, yet cruel powers
 Force my will to rack my mind !
 Ah, too long we wait for flowers,
 Soon, too ſoon to fade deſign'd.
 Fickle blifs, &c.

HARK ! the din of diſtant war,
 How noble is the clangor !
 Pale Death aſcends his ebon car,
 Clad in terrific anger.

A doubtful fate the soldier tries,
 Who joins the gallant quarrel ;
 Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
 No wife, no friend, to close his eyes ;
 Though nobly mourn'd,
 Perhaps return'd,
 He's crown'd with vict'ry's laurel.

How many who, disdaining fear,
 Rush on the desp'rate duty,
 Shall claim the tribute of the tear
 That dims the eye of beauty !
 A doubtful fate, &c.

What noble fate can Fortune give ?
 Renown shall tell our story,
 If we should fall ; but, if we live,
 We live our country's glory.
 'Tis true, a doubtful fate he tries, &c.

LOVELY Woman, pride of Nature,
 Good, and sweet, and kind, and fair,
 Than Man, a higher style of creature,
 Perfect as celestials are.
 See Myra come, like stately Juno,
 Ever fair, and ever young,
 Completely like, as I and you know,
 For Myra, like Juno, has a tongue.

Young Cælia's charms, that beam so sweetly,
 To paint, ah ! what can words avail ?
 She's Venus' self, and so completely,
 That Cælia is, like Venus—frail.
 To woo the charming Gloriana,
 Audacity would be afraid ;
 She's chaste and icy as Diana,
 And, like Diana, an old maid.

Thus women boast a near relation,
 'Tis plain, to the celestial race ;
 Thus we of their divine creation
 A family resemblance trace.
 If, then, some faults of this complexion,
 Like spots upon that sun, their fame,
 Rust this same model of perfection,
 The stars, not women, are to blame.

LET bucks and let bloods to praise London
 agree :
 Oh ! the joys of the country, my jewel, for me ;
 Where sweet is the flow'r that the May-bush adorns,
 And how charming to gather it, but for the thorns !
 Where we walk o'er the mountains, with health our
 cheeks glowing,
 As warm as a toast, honey, when it en't snowing ;
 Where Nature, to smile when she joyful inclines,
 And the sun charms us all the year round, when it
 shines,
 Oh, the mountains, and valleys, and bushes,
 The pigs, and the screech-owls, and thrushes !
 Let bucks and let bloods to praise London agree :
 Oh ! the joys of the country, dear jewel, for me.

There twelve hours on a stretch we in angling de-
 light,
 As patient as Jobs, though we ne'er get a bite ;
 There we pop at the wild-ducks, and frighten the
 crows,
 While so lovely the icicles hang to our clothes :
 There wid aunts, and wid cousins, and grandmothers
 talking,
 We are caught in the rain, as we're all out a
 walking ;

While the muslins and gauzes cling round each fair
 she,
 That they look all like Venuses sprung from the sea.
 Oh ! the mountains, &c.

Then how sweet in the dog-days to take the fresh
 air,
 Where, to save you expence, the dust powders your
 hair !
 Thus pleasures, like snow-balls, increase as they
 roll,
 And tire you to death, not forgetting the bowl :
 Where in mirth and good-fellowship always delight-
 ing,
 We agree, that is, when we're not squabbling and
 fighting ;
 Den wid toasts and pint-bumpers we bodder de head,
 Just to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.
 Oh ! the mountains, &c.

I BE one of they Sailors who thinks 'tis no lie,
 That for every wherefore of life there's a why ;
 That, be Fortune's strange weather a calm or a
 squall,
 Our births, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all ;
 That the stays and the braces of life will be found
 To be some of 'em rotten, and some of 'em sound ;
 That the good we should cherish, the bad never
 seek,

For Death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

When, astride on the yard, the top-lifts they let go,
 And I com'd, like a shot, plump among them be-
 low ;

Why, I cotch'd at a halliard, and jump'd upon deck,
 And so broke my fall, to save breaking my neck :

Just

Just like your Philosophers, for all their jaw,
 Who, less than a rope, gladly catch at a straw :
 Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never
 seek,
 For Death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

Why now that there cruise that we made off the
 Banks,
 Where I pepper'd the foe, and got shot for my
 thanks ;
 What then ? she soon struck ; and though laid up on
 shore,
 And laid up to refit, I had shiners galore.
 At length, live and looking, I tried the false main,
 And, to get more prize-money, got shot at again ;
 Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never
 seek,
 For Death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

Then just as it comes, take the bad with the good,
 One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of
 wood ;
 What's poison for one man's another man's balm ;
 Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm ;
 Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a souf ;
 To day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs-scouse ;
 Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never
 seek,
 For Death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

EXCEPT the folks that's fast asleep,
 All nature now is waking ;
 Aurora at the world a peep
 Is in her night-cap taking.

Hark !

Hark ! all the tory-rory boys,
 Making a devil of a noise,
 To cure the head-ach of last night,
 The peaceable King's subjects fright ;
 And helter, skelter, come apace,
 T' enjoy the pleasures of the chace.

How sweet to be, as on we rush,
 By the pig-tail entangling,
 Amidst a lovely torny bush,
 Or on a tree left dangling !
 Ah mussha gra ! than wine and love
 The joy of hunting's far above :
 Can either Cupid or the bowl
 Such pleasures give ? Ah, by my soul !
 Briars and thorns may scratch your face,
 Still great's the pleasure of the chace.

Then when our mettle's at its pitch,
 While tally-ho ! we're bawling,
 Safe landed in a muddy ditch,
 'To be genteelly sprawling.
 Ah mussha gra ! than wine and love,
 The joy of hunting's far above :
 Can either Cupid or the bowl
 Such pleasure give ? Ah, by my soul !
 Let muddy ditches wash your face,
 Still great's the pleasure of the chace.

Then dripping like a drowning rat,
 At night, you would not think it,
 What glorious wine, if it were not
 We're too fatigu'd to drink it.
 Ah, bodder not of love and war ;
 The joy of hunting's greater far.

Hark !

Hark ! Echo, in melodious tones,
Hollas, and whistles, sings, and groans ;
While many a broken scone and face
Proclaim the pleasures of the chace.

A DIEU, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee ;
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee.
What though by duty I am call'd,
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where Valour's self might stand appall'd—
When, on the wings of thy dear love,
To Heav'n above
Thy fervent orisons are flown,
The tender pray'r
Thou putt'st up there,
Shall call a guardian Angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
A sword and buckler serving ;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving:
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle ;
I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd when, on the wings of love,
To Heav'n above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile
Some kindred God inspir'd thee ;
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd, and admir'd thee :

I go

I go assur'd ; my life, adieu !
 Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Though murd'ring carnage stalks in view,
 When, on the wings of thy true love,
 To Heaven above, &c.

THE wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
 Unfurl'd was every flowing sail ;
 From toil releas'd, when Dick of Dover
 Went with his messmates to regale.
 All danger's o'er, cried he, my neat hearts,
 Drown care, then, in the smiling can ;
 Come, bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,
 And first I'll give my Buxom Nan.

She's none of they that's always giggling,
 And stem and stern made up of art ;
 One knows a vessel by her rigging,
 Such ever flight a constant heart :
 With straw-hat, and pink streamers flowing,
 How oft to meet me has she ran ;
 While for dear life would I be rowing,
 To meet with smiles my buxom Nan !

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies.
 To see him stare when he came back !
 The girls were so all off the hinges,
 His Poll was quite unknown to Jack :
 Tant-masted all, to see who's tallest,
 Breast-works, top-ga'nt-fails, and a fan ;
 Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballast ;
 Ah ! still give me my buxom Nan.

None on life's sea can sail more quicker,
 To shew her love, or serve a friend ;
 But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor—
 This one word then, and there's an end :

Of all the wenches whatsomdever,
I say, then find me out who can,
One half so true, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.

WHY, don't you know me by my scars ?
I'm Soldier Dick, come from the wars ;
Where many a head without a hat
Crowds honour's bed—but what of that ?
Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls.
What argues who stands or falls ?
Lord ! what should one be sorry for ?
Life's but the fortune of the war !
Then rich, or poor, or well, or sick,
Still laugh and sing shall Soldier Dick.

I us'd to look two ways at once :
A bullet hit me on the sconce,
And dowsh'd my eye ; d'ye think I'd wince ?
Why, Lord ! I've never squinted since.
Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms ;
While others die safe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout, or fever, sword, or shot,
Or something, sends us all to pot ;
That we're to die, then, do not grieve,
But let's be merry while we live.
Beat drums, &c.

WOULD

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
 That tears from a stone might provoke—
 'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,
 As honest as e'er biscuit broke :
 His name was Ben Block—of all men,
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave ;
 But harsh treated by fortune—for Ben,
 In his prime, found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more ;
 His heart was all kindness and love ;
 Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,
 His nature had most of the dove.
 He lov'd a fair maiden, nam'd Kate ;
 His father, to interest a slave,
 Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
 Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues !
 A false friend his mild nature abus'd ;
 And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
 To poison Ben's pleasure, accus'd ;
 That she never had truly been kind ;
 That false were the tokens she gave ;
 That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find,
 In the ocean, a watery grave.

Too sure, from this cankerous elf,
 The venom accomplish'd its end ;
 Ben, all truth and honour himself,
 Suspected no fraud in his friend :
 On the yard, while suspended in air,
 A loose to his sorrows he gave ;
 " Take thy with," he cried, " false, cruel fair ;"
 And plung'd in a watery grave.

COME,

COME, painter, with thy happiest flight,
 Pourtray me ev'ry grace,
 In that blest region of delight,
 My charming Sylvia's face :
 And hear me, painter—to enhance
 The value of thine art,
 Steal from her eyes that very glance
 That stole away my heart.

Her forehead paint—in sway and rule
 Where sits, with pleasure grac'd,
 A form, like Venus, beautiful,
 And, like Diana, chaste :
 Then paint her cheeks ; come, paint and gaze,
 Guard well thy heart the while ;
 And then her mouth, where Cupid plays
 In an eternal smile.

Next draw—presumptuous painter, hold—
 Ah ! thinkst to thee 'twas given
 To paint her bosom ?—wouldst, so bold,
 Presume to copy Heaven ?
 Nay, leave the task, for 'tis above,
 Far, far above thy art ;
 Her portrait's drawn—the painter, Love ;
 The tablet, my fond heart.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,
 There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
 The sunshine that soften'd the scene
 Was a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
 But to labour with glee will depart,
 If at eve he expects to be blest
 With a smile from the girl of his heart.

Come then crosses and cares as they may,
 Let my mind still this maxim impart,
 That the comfort of man's fleeting day
 Is a smile from the girl of his heart.

THE little birds, as well as you,
 I've mark'd with anxious care,
 How free their pleasures they pursue,
 How void of every care.

But birds of various kinds you'll meet,
 Some constant to their loves ;
 Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
 As tender, cooing doves ?

Birds have their pride, like human kind :
 Some on their note presume,
 Some on their form ; and some you'll find
 Fond of a gaudy plume.

Some love a hundred, some you'll meet
 Still constant to their loves ;
 Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
 As tender, cooing doves ?

YOUNG, and void of art or guile,
 From ill intentions free,
 If love I've cherish'd all this while,
 It came in spite of me.

When you've to me, and I've to you
 Tried who could kindest prove,
 If that was love—what then to do,
 To fly from this same love ?

When

When absent from you, I have mourn'd,
 " And thought each hour a score ;
 When, on a sudden, you return'd,
 " I've thrill'd with joy all o'er.
 They say 'twas love—I thought 'twas you
 Had made my heart thus move ;
 Alas ! what can a poor girl do,
 To fly from this same love ?

To every thing that you can ask,
 What should I say but Yes ?
 It is because I like the task,
 I freely grant each kiss.
 You're all to me—I'm all to all—
 ' This truth our deaths would prove.
 Were we to part—what then to do,
 To fly from this same love ?

BROTHER soldiers, why cast down ?
 Never, boys, be melancholy.
 You say our lives are not our own ;
 But, therefore, should we not be jolly ?
 This poor tenement, at best,
 Depends on fickle chance : mean while
 Drink, laugh, and sing ; and, for the rest,
 We'll boldly brave each rude campaign ;
 Secure, if we return again,
 Our pretty landlady shall smile.

Fortune his life and yours commands ;
 And this moment, should it please her
 To require it at your hands,
 You can but die, and so did Cæsar.
 Our span, though long, were little worth,
 Did we not time with joy beguile :
 Laugh then, the while you stay on earth,
 And boldly brave, &c.

Life's a debt we all must pay,
 'Tis so much pleasure which we borrow;
 Nor heed, if on a distant day
 It is demanded, or to morrow.
 The bottle says, we're tardy grown;
 Do not the time and liquor spoil?
 Laugh out the little life you own,
 And boldly brave, &c.

IF deep thy poignard thou wouldst drench
 In blood, to venge old Blenheim's woes,
 My enemies, boy, are the French,
 And all who are my country's foes.

Shall I receive an added day
 Of life, when crimes your name shall brand?
 No; never let detraction say,
 That virtue arm'd a murd'rer's hand.
 If deep, &c.

Of anger then, no single breath,
 Respire for my poor sake—but since
 You've spirit to encounter death,
 Die for your country, and your prince.
 If deep, &c.

'TWAS not her eyes, though orient mines
 Can boast no gem so bright that glows;
 Her lips, where the deep ruby shines;
 Her cheeks, that shame the blushing rose;
 Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien,
 Her bosom white as Venus' dove,
 That made her my affection's queen:
 But 'twas alone her filial love.

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
 The rosy cheek, the graceful form,
 In turn for commendation vie,
 And justly the fir'd lover charm.

But, transient these—the charm for life,
 Which reason ne'er shall disapprove,
 Which, truly, shall insure a wife,
 Faithful and kind, is filial love.

IF 'tis love to wish you near,
 To tremble when the wind I hear,
 Because at sea you floating rove ;
 If of you to dream at night,
 To languish when you're out of sight ;
 If this be loving—then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
 To ask of every tender power
 That you may kind and faithful prove ;
 If, void of falsehood and deceit,
 I feel a pleasure now we meet,
 If this be loving—then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,
 Determin'd never to forsake,
 Though low in poverty we strove ;
 If, so that me your wife you'll call,
 I offer you my little all ;
 If this be loving—then I love.

PASSION is a torrent rude,
 Which rapid bears down ev'ry height,
 A turbulent, unruly flood,
 Which with the ocean would unite.

Reason's a fountain, calm, serene,
Which near gay fields, and laughing bow'rs,
While it reflects th' enchanting scene,
Is borne among a bed of flow'rs.

WHO to my wounds a balm advises,
But little knows what I endure ;
The patient's pain to torture rises,
When med'cine's try'd, and fails to cure.

What can the wisest council teach me,
But sad remembrance of my grief ?
Alas ! your kindness cannot reach me :
It gives but words—I ask relief.

NOSEGAYS I cry, and, though little you pay,
They're such as you cannot get every day.
Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?—'tis nosegays I cry.
Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?—'tis nosegays I cry.

Each mincing, ambling, lisp'ing blade,
Who smiles, and talks of blisses
He never felt, is here pourtray'd
In form of a Narcissus.
Nosegays I cry, &c.

Statesmen, like Indians, who adore
The sun, by courting power,
Cannot be shewn their likeness more
Than in th' humble sun-flower.
Nosegays I cry, &c.

Poets I've here in sprigs of bays,
Devils in the bush are friars ;

Nettles

Nettles are critics, who damn plays ;
 And satirists are briars.
 Nofegays I cry, &c.

FROM Prudence let my joys take birth,
 Let me not be Passion's slave :
 Approv'd of reason, sweet's the mirth;
 Vice of pleasure is the grave.

Then, still to Reason's dictates true,
 Select the sweets of life, like bees ;
 Thus, your enjoyments will be few,
 But such as on reflexion please.

Wine exhilarates the soul,
 Inspires the mirth of every feast,
 But gluttons so may drain the bowl,
 Till man degenerates to beast ;
 Then Mirth and Wisdom keep in view,
 And freely on the bottle seize ;
 What though your pleasures are but few ?
 They're such as on reflexion please.

Love, the source of human joys,
 The mind with bliss that sweetly fills,
 Too often its own end destroys,
 And proves the source of human ills.

Here, Reason's dictates keep in view,
 Or, farewell freedom, farewell ease :
 The real joys of life are few,
 But such as on reflexion please.

Then, while we meet, let's only own
 Joys that do honour to the heart ;
 And, ceasing to prize these alone,
 Deplore our frailty, sigh, and part!

Mean:

Meanwhile, to Reason's dictates true,
 Select the sweets of life, like bees ;
 Thus, your enjoyments will be few,
 But such as on reflexion please.

OF all sensations pity brings
 To proudly swell the ample heart,
 From which the willing sorrow springs,
 In others' grief, that bears a part ;
 Of all sad Sympathy's delights,
 The manly dignity of grief,
 A joy in mourning that excites,
 And gives the anxious mind relief :
 Of these, would you the feeling know,
 Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
 That ever taught a heart to glow,—
 'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot ;
 Let dangers come, he braves them all ;
 Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
 Or undistinguished doom'd to fall !

Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
 The world, that now forgets his toil,
 He views from a retreat obscure,
 And quits it with a willing smile.

Then, trav'ler, one kind look bestow ;
 'Twere grateful pity, nobly brave :
 Nought ever taught the heart to glow,
 Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

GO, patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water-boat, and good sea-room give me,
 And t'ent to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse every
 thing tight,
 And under reef'd forefail we'll scud.

Avast, nor don't think me a milk sop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles aback;
 For they says there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
 And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and be-
 lay!

Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.

But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that comes down below,
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
 'That Providence takes us in tow;

For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, (for, d'ye see, she would cry)
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling, and piping your eye?
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!

Can't

Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for
us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ;
And if to Old Davy I should go, dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more.

What then ? all's a hazard—come, don't be so soft ;
Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch
All as one as a piece of his ship ;
And with her brave the world, without off'ring to
flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.

As for me, in all weathers, all times, fides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs ;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rino's my
friends ;
And, as for my life, 'tis my King's.

E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As with grief to be taken a-back ;
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth poor Jack.

TWAS in the good ship Rover
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years, and over,
I ne'er touch'd British ground.

At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That

That time, bound strait to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore ;
 But, when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore :

She lay, so it did shock her,
 A log upon the main ;
 Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight,

My precious limb was lopp'd off,
 I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
 And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled
 To bring up in life's rear.
 Although I'm quite disabled,
 And lie in Greenwich tier.

The King, God blefs his royalty,
 Who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,
 But ne'er to sea again.

HOW much I love thee, girl, wouldst know ?
 Better than rosin loves the bow,
 Than treble shrill the growling bass,
 Or spruce guitars a tawdry case.
 No more, then, let us solo play :
 To Hymen's temple jig away ;

There

There, when we get
 In a duet,
 Of pleasure will we take our swing;
 Joy's fiddles shall play,
 Love's bells shall ring;
 And, while we celebrate the day,
 We'll frisk away,
 And laugh and play,
 And dance and sing,
 And frisk away like any thing.

I love thee more, I really think,
 Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink;
 Than dancing-masters love a kit,
 Or jolly sailors fal d'ral tit.
 No more, then, &c.

I love thee, Griddy, oh, much more
 Than fingers love a loud *encore*,
 Than curates crowdies love to scratch,
 Or roaring drunkards love a catch.
 No more, then, &c.

I WAS, d'ye see, a Waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any,
 'Twixt Richmond town,
 And Horsley-down,
 I earn'd an honest penny:

None could of Fortune's favours brag,
 More than could lucky I;
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
 My grunter in the sive.
 With wherry tight,
 And bosom light,

I cheer

I cheerfully did row ;
 And, to complete this princely life,
 Sure never man had friend and wife
 Like my Poll, and my Partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these a while,
 Folks far and near caress'd me,
 Till, woe is me,
 So lubberly,
 The press-gang came, and press'd me.
 How could I all these pleasures leave ?
 How with my wherry part ?
 I never so took on to grieve :
 It wrung my very heart.
 But when on board
 They gave the word,
 To foreign parts to go,
 I rued the moment I was born,
 That ever I should thus be torn
 From my Poll, and my Partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
 While on the billows rolling ;
 And, night or day,
 Could find my way,
 Blindfold, to the main-top-bowling.

Thus, all the dangers of the main,
 Quick sands, and gales of wind,
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again
 The joys I left behind.
 In climes afar,
 The hottest war
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
 In hopes these perils to relate
 As by my side attentive fate
 My Poll, and my Partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
 To give peace to the nation ;
 And honest hearts,
 From foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation.

Like lightning—for I felt new life,
 Now safe from all alarms—
 I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
 Lock'd in each other's arms !
 Yet, fancy not
 I bore my lot
 Tame, like a lubber :—No ;
 For, seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
 My Poll, and my Partner Joe.

DEAR Yanko say, and true he say,
 All mankind, one and t'other,
 Negro, Mulatto, and Malay,
 'Through all de world be broder.
 In black, in yellow, what disgrace,
 That scandal so he use 'em ?
 For dere no virtue in de face ;
 De virtue in de bosom.
 Dear Yanko say, &c.

What harm dere in a shape or make ?
 What harm in ugly feature ?
 Whatever colour, form, he take,
 The heart make human creature.

Then black and copper both be friend ;
 No colour he bring beauty ;
 For beauty, Yanko say, attend
 On him who do him duty.
 Dear Yanko say, &c.

SWEET

SWEET is the dew-drop on the thorn,
That, like a prism, reflects the morn ;
Sweet is the cheering solar ray,
That compasses the ample day.

Sweet is the balmy ev'ning's close,
That shuts the foliage of the rose ;
'These to creation joys impart,
Like those which warm the grateful heart.

The little songsters on the spray,
Spontaneous chant their grateful lay,
Or, to the pebbly riv'let driven,
They sip, and lift their heads to Heaven ;

Or for the worm, or insect, fly,
To feed their craving progeny ;
Feelings, a lesson that impart
To stimulate the grateful heart.

Mark vegetation, wond'rous sight !
See how the germ breaks into light !
The fruitful show'r the tree receives,
And fresher green adorns its leaves.

Man cultivates the grateful soil,
And flow'rs, and fruit, reward his toil.
Plants, birds, all nature, thus impart
Joys, such as warm the grateful heart.

DOMESTIC peace, my soul's desire,
The dearest bliss Fate could bestow,
At length to thee I may aspire ;
Misfortune's storms no longer blow.
Escap'd their ire, now safe on shore,
I listen to the tempest's roar :
And while the billows idly foam,
They but endear my long-lost home.

HOW few know how to value life,
 And taste its real joys,
 Unmix'd with jealousy and strife,
 Wit' anger, pride, and strife !
 Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
 And scorn me, if they please ;
 Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,
 And lead a life of ease.

Limpid and pure, life's current seems,
 Till Passion's wild mistake,
 In madness, troubles all the streams
 Of which he must partake.
 Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,
 And scorn me, if they please ;
 Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,
 And lead a life of ease.

MY plaint in no one pity moves,
 Save Echo, who in plaints replies :
 Like me, depriv'd of him she loves,
 With sympathy she counts my sighs !

Pleas'd with the strain, the hapless maid
 Repeats the unavailing moan ;
 And, while she lends her soothing aid,
 Laments my sorrows, and her own.

ON Freedom's happy land,
 My task of duty done,
 With Mirth's light-hearted band,
 Why not the lowly Woodman one ?

Though

Though Fortune's smile our groves forsake,
Mirth may be left behind ;
For wealth can neither give nor take
This treasure of the mind !
On Freedom's happy land, &c.

Come, Cheerfulness, with blithesome gait,
Trip by the peasant's side ;
While Care, in cold and sullen state,
Sits on the brow of Pride.
On Freedom's happy land, &c.

SWEET inmate, Sensibility !
How pure thy transports flow !
When even grief, that springs from thee,
Is luxury in woe !
Without thee—where's the sigh of love,
Or blush, by grace refin'd ?—
Where Friendship's sacred tear, to prove
The triumph of the mind ?
Sweet inmate, &c.

WHEN first I saw the village maiden,
Like Cymon, motionless I stood ;
'Twas Iphigenia's self appearing,
So lovely, beautiful, and good :
Her cheeks out-blush'd the rip'ning rose,
Her smiles would banish mortals' woes—
So sweet the village maiden.

Clarissa's eyes all eyes attracting,
Her breath Arabian spices feign ;
For her, like ore, would Av'rice wander,
Adventure all, the prize to gain !

I told my love, with many fears,
Which she return'd with speaking tears :
Then sigh'd the village maiden !

She sigh'd, because she had no riches,
To make her lady-like, and gay :
Though virtue was her only portion,
I dar'd to name the wedding day.
The care of wealth let knaves endure ;
I shall be rich, and envied, sure,
To gain the village maiden !

RETURNING from the fair, one eve,
Across yon verdant plain,
Young Harry said he'd see me home—
A tight, a comely swain :
He begg'd I would a fairing take,
And would not be refus'd ;
Then ask'd a kiss—I blush'd, and cry'd,
I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, said he, my pretty maid ;
I mean no harm, I swear !
Long time I have in secret sigh'd
For you, my charming fair :
But, if my tenderness offend,
And if my love's refus'd,
I'll leave you—What, alone ? cried I ;
I'd rather be excus'd.

He press'd my hand, and on we walk'd ;
He warmly urg'd his suit :
But still, to all he said, I was
Most obstinately mute.

At length, got home, he angry cry'd,
 My fondness is abus'd ;
 Then die a maid—Indeed, said I,
 I'd rather be excus'd.

AT gay sixteen, my lovers came,
 With flatt'ring tongues, and hearts in flame,
 As thick as show'rs in June ;
 But, of a little beauty vain,
 I laugh'd, and told each dying swain,
 Indeed, 'twas much too soon.

Year after year in scorn went by:
 Rejecting ev'ry am'rous sigh,
 I kept the same old tune ;
 Go, shepherd, with disdain I cry'd,
 'Tis time enough to be a bride ;
 Indeed, 'tis much too soon.

At twenty-five,—full time to wed,
 My lovers nearly all were nearly fled ;
 I alter'd then my tune ;
 Shepherd, said I, I've chang'd my mind ;
 I've thought the matter o'er, and find
 I cannot wed too soon.

WHILE Strephon, thus you tease me
 To say what won my heart ;
 It cannot, sure, be reason,
 If I the truth impart.
 It was your generous nature,
 Bold, soft, sincere, and gay ;
 It shone in every feature,
 And stole my heart away.

'Twas

'Twas not your smile, though charming ;
'Twas not your eyes, though bright ;
'Twas not your bloom, though warming,
Nor beauty's dazzling light.
No—it was your generous nature, &c.

'Twas not your dress, though shining,
Nor shape, that won my heart ;
'Twas not your tongue combining,
For that might please by art.
No—it was your generous nature, &c.

THERE stood poor Jonas, at the window,
All in tears—crying—fighing—Oh !
Says I, who's that below ?
What do you want, good fisherman ?
Dear Mrs. Nannette, indeed it is no sin,
Open the window, love, and let poor Jonas in.
No, master Jonas,—no——
No, master Jonas,—no——
No, fisherman.

Well, quoth Jonas, then I vow,
Marching off in a huff, with a pouting Oh !
Then 'tis time to make my bow——
The sooner the better, good fisherman.
Yet, Mrs. Nannette, one word, ere you leave me ;
Won't you stop ?—well, to-morrow I hope you'll re-
ceive me !
No, master Jonas—no——
No, master Jonas—no——
No, fisherman.

WHITHER

WHITHER, my love, ah! whither art thou
gone?

Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.

Say,—by thy heart can falsehood e'er be known?

Ah! no, no; I judge it by my own.

The heart he gave, with so much care,

Which treasure'd in my breast I wear,

Still for his master beats alone;

I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

MY heart from my bosom would fly,
And wander, oh, wander afar;

Reflection bedews my sad eye,

For Henry is gone to the war.

Oh, ye winds, to my Henry bear

One drop—let it fall on his breast:

The tear, as a pearl, he will wear,

And I, in remembrance, be blest.

In vain smiles the glitt'ring scene,

In vain blooms the roseate flow'r;

The sun-shine in April's not seen:

I've only to do with the show'r.

Oh, ye winds, &c.

Ye winds, that have borne him away,

Restore the dear youth to my arms;

Restore me to sun-shine, and day:

'Tis night, 'till my Henry returns.

Oh, ye winds, &c.

As now we're met,
A jelly set,
A fig for sick, or therry;

Our

Our ale we'll drink,
And our cans we'll clink,
And we'll be wond'rous merry.

Merry, my hearts—merry, my boys !
We'll sing with a hey down derry ;
The Baron himself knows no such joys,
We are so wond'rous merry.

WIDE through the azure blue, and bright,
Serenely floats the Lamp of Night ;
The waves forgetting how to roar,
The citron groves wave down no more ;
Each breeze, suspended, seems to say,
Now, Leline, for thy Roundelay.

My Delia's lips are clos'd in rest ;
Ah ! was her pillow but my breast !
Go, dreams, one gentle word impart,
In whispers place me near her heart ;
While at her window I will lay,
And soothe her with my Roundelay.

But see ! a paler, softer shade !
The glimm'ring stars retiring fade !
Sleep on, lov'd Fair, nor ever feel
The cares which forms like thine reveal.
Adieu ! the morn is on his way,
And silences my Roundelay.

THE god who form'd our wretched race,
In pity clos'd the book of fate,
Forbad with impious search to trace
The ills that all alike await.

Ah !

Ah ! wherefore burst the friendly shade
Which shuts the future from our sight ;
And tear the veil, by mercy spread
To shield us from a painful light ?

Full soon shall Time, so seeming slow,
With noiseless steps his course fulfill,
And call to birth each destin'd woe,
Each embryo grief, and ripen'd ill.

FAIR Liberty ! whom Heaven gave
But where peculiarly it loves ;
And put off all it meant for slave
With orange-bow'rs, and citron groves !
The children of the frozen North,
Where Nature half her gifts retains,
Are doom'd to tame the churlish earth,
For tasteless fruits, and tardy grains.

Yet, while their weary task they ply,
By thee their fainting souls are cheer'd !
No stern, unfeeling lord is nigh ;
No rods are seen, no chains are heard !
Still, as they guide the delving plough,
Or bind pale Autumn's scanty store,
To thee, their manly lives they vow,
To thee, their grateful strains they pour !

COULD I trace back the time—a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field ;
And the farm I now hold on your Honour's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He,

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unfully'd descended to me ;
 For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with
 shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

BY the ozers so dank,
 As we sat on the bank,
 And look'd at the swell of the billow ;
 This basket he wove,
 As a token of love :
 Alas ! 'twas the branch of the willow !

Now, sad all the day,
 Through the meadows I stray,
 And rest flies at night from my pillow !
 The garland I wore,
 From my ringlets I tore :
 Alas ! must I wear the green willow?

YOU ask me, my friend, what of life's the best
 end ?
 And bid me the question revolve :
 But the point, you must own, is so hard to be
 known,
 'Twill take up some time to resolve.

When the brisk glass goes round, and our spirits
 abound,
 Say, what with the bottle can vie ?
 Ev'ry care is at rest, and our wish is possess ;
 For that all our wants will supply.

But the sportsman won't yield the delights of the
 field,
 When, hallooing, the vallies rebound :

As

As he flies o'er the plain, while he pants in each
vein,

He swears no such joy can be found.

When the lover hears this, he vows that all bliss

Dwells with her who possesses his heart ;

That to live in her sight is extatic delight,

But 'tis death's cruel pangs when they part !

Then in short, my dear friend, it must come to this
end,

To each of these pleasures repair—

Take the sportsman's delight, let the bottle in-
vite,

And crown both with the charms of the fair.

I'M jolly Dick, the lamplighter ;

They say the sun's my dad ;

And truly I believe it, fir,

For I'm a pretty lad.

Father and I the world delight,

And make it look so gay—

The difference is, I lights by night,

And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I,

For knowing life and fun ;

For I queer tricks and fancies spy,

Folks never shew the fun.

Rogues, owls, and bats, can't bear the light,

I've heard your wife ones say ;

And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night

Things never seen by day.

At night, men throws aside all art,
 As quite a useless task ;
 And many a face, and many a heart,
 Will then pull off the mask.

Each formal prude, and holy wight,
 Will throw disguise away,
 And sin it openly at night,
 Who fainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
 Misses from friends decamp ;
 And many a Statesman mischief brews
 To his country, o'er his lamp.

So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 Are just on the same lay :
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
 And he false saints by day.

HER mouth with a smile,
 Devoid of all guile,
 Half open to view,
 Is the bud of the rose,
 In the morning that blows,
 Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
 Than the flow'r-scented heath,
 At the dawning of day,
 The hawthorn in bloom,
 The lily's perfume,
 Or the blossoms of May.

IN vain the grave and wise,
 The thoughtful and the sage,
 Would teach us to despise
 The joys that suit our age.
 Youth's the season to be gay,
 Then smile each beau and belle ;
 To joy we'll give the day :
 Ah !—*Vive la bagatelle !*

The laughing hours invite
 To sport, while young and gay :
 With love and soft delight,
 Our minutes pass away.
 Old-age, and Care, they say,
 O'ertake each beau and belle :
 Who'd meet such foes half-way ?
 Ah !—*Vive la bagatelle !*

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn
 The cold regard of Delia's eye ?
 The heart whose only guilt is love,
 Can Delia's softness doom to die ?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear !
 Thy beauties, ah ! divinely bright—
 In one short hour by Delia's side,
 I pass whole ages of delight.

Yet, though I lov'd thee more than life,
 Not to displease a cruel maid,
 My tongue forebore its fondest tale,
 And murmur'd in the distant shade.

What happier shepherd has thy smile,
 A bliss for which I hourly pine ?
 Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale,
 Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine.

Few are the vales which Colin boasts,
 And few the flocks those vales that rove ;
 I court not Delia's heart with wealth—
 A nobler bribe I offer——Love !

Yet, should the virgin yield her hand,
 And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone,
 The act may make my bosom bleed,
 But surely cannot bless her own.

LONE bird of eve, whose liquid throat
 Delights my silent way,
 Who cheereit with a farewell note
 The beam of parting day !

The wretch who wanders near the thorn,
 Amidst the gath'ring bloom,
 Pursues with sighs a path forlorn,
 To weep at Cynthia's tomb.

Come, minstrel of the twilight hour,
 And mourn with me the maid :
 Thy tend'rest song of sorrow pour,
 To soothe the gentlest shade.

So, when thy voice in death shall cease,
 To leave that lonely tree,
 May redbreasts pour the song of peace,
 Of sweetest peace, to thee !

HAPPY, harmless, rural pair,
 Void of jealousy or care ;
 Emblems of the bless'd above,
 Sharing pure seraphic love !

By

By the brook, beneath the shade
Of the lofty poplar laid,
Cheerful strains awake the grove,
Dulcet notes of peace and love.

Say, ye proud, ye rich, and great,
Circled round with noise and state,
Real pleasure can ye prove?
No!—'tis found in rural love!

I TRAVERS'D Judah's barren sand,
At Beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece, the bold, imperious mien,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade Love's devotion not be seen,
Where Constancy is ever nigh.

From whence, to Italy's fair shore,
I bent my never-ceasing way,
And to Loretto's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray.

But there, too, Superstition's hand
Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me soon regain the land
Where Beauty fills the Western shore;

Where Hymen, with celestial pow'r,
Connubial transport doth adorn;
Where purest Virtue sports the hour
That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of Old Albion's isle,
 Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
 O Charity's sweet children, smile,
 To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
 That rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'rs and tree.
 When Mary laid her down to sleep—
 Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea;
 Then, soft and low, a voice was heard
 Say, ' Mary, weep no more for me !'

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With pallid cheek, and hollow eye !
 ' Oh ! Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath a stormy sea :
 Far, far from thee, I sleep in death ;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We tofs'd upon the raging main ;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain.
 E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love of thee.
 The storm is past, and I at rest :
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Oh ! maiden dear, thyself prepare ;
 We soon shall meet upon that shore
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.'—

Loud

Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled ;
No more of Sandy could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
 ' Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain ;
They forsook their leafy dwelling,
 To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall !
Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

STILL the lark finds repose
 In the full waving corn ;
And the bee on the rose,
 Though surrounded with thorn.

Never robb'd of their ease,
 They are thoughtless and free ;
But no more gentle peace
 Shall e'er harbour with me.
 Still the lark finds repose, &c.

Still in search of delight,
 Ev'ry pleasure they prove,

Ne'er

Ne'er tormented by pride,
Or the flights of fond love.
Still the lark finds repose, &c.

LOOSE ev'ry sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve;
I've done with the toils of the seas;
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My grief I fling all to the wind;
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear;
What tropic-bird swifter can move?
Who, cruel, shall hold his career,
That returns to the nest of his love?

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze;
Come, shipmates, and join the song;
Let's drink, while our ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

SWEET, sweet Robinette, all the shepherds de-
clare,

They never yet saw so enchanting a fair;
The swains all admire her: no mortal as yet
Has e'er seen a girl like my sweet Robinette.

Her eyes, they would melt you; her cheeks, they dis-
close

The beautiful tint of the pale blushing rose.
The nymphs, full of envy, do nothing but fret,
To see all the swains sigh for sweet Robinette.

All nature seems pleas'd, as she trips it along ;
 Her smiles make the lark swell his rapturous song.
 The shepherds their cares and their labour forget,
 To gaze on the charms of my sweet Robinette.

So gentle her manners, they soften the sage ;
 She's the May-day of youth, and the summer of
 age :

I love her, adore her—I'll venture a bet,
 You ne'er saw a girl like my sweet Robinette.

NOW Spring her sweets discloses,
 And flow'rets deck the grove ;
 I'll make, with sweetest roses,
 A garland for my love.
 The flow'rs that scent the air,
 Are not so blooming seen,
 Are not so sweet and fair
 As Sandy of the Green.

Na lad can blink so blithe and gay,
 Na lad that e'er was seen,
 So sweetly on the pipe can play,
 As Sandy of the Green.

As o'er the bourn, a Maying,
 I lately bent my way,
 I met young Sandy straying
 Wi lads and lasses gay ;
 I felt delight and pleasure
 To view his shape and mien ;
 Sure, then, my only treasure
 Is Sandy of the Green.

Na lad can blink, &c.

My Sandy vows he will be mine,
 The kirk shall make us one ;

ALL

All other lasses he'll resign,
 And live for me alone.
 There's sa much joy in store for me,
 I envy not a Queen,
 While I am blest wi' love and thee,
 Dear Sandy of the Green.
 Na lad can blink, &c.

'T WAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
 Under a poplar tree,
 Maria chose her wretched seat,
 To mourn her sorrows free.
 Her love y form was sweet to view
 As dawn at op'ning day :
 But, ah ! she mourn'd her love not true,
 And wept her cares away !

The brock flow'd gently at her feet,
 In murmurs smooth, along ;
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
 Had now so got its song.
 No more to charm the vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast ;
 Those joys which once she us'd to prize—
 But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid ! who can behold
 Thy sorrows so severe,
 And hear thy love-lorn story told,
 Without a falling tear ?
 Maria, luckless maid ! adieu !
 Thy sorrows soon must cease ;
 For Heaven will take a maid so true
 To everlasting peace !

THE merry dance I dearly love ;
For then, C llette, thy hand I seize,
 And press it too, whene'er I please ;
And none can f e, and none reprove :
 Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
 And then we whisper soft and low :
Oh ! how I grieve ! you ne'er her charms can
 know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more ;
 Yet, still we are too young, they say ;
 But we know better, sure, than they :
Youth should not listen to threescore ;—
 And i'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,
 When next we whisper soft and low :
Oh ! how I grieve ! you ne'er her charms can
 know.

THOUGH Bacchus may boast of his care-killing
 bowl,
And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight ;
Such worship, alas ! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotion the senses invite.

To the arrow of Fate, for the canker of Care,
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;
But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of Reflexion's the birth of all woe !

What soul, that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone ?
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's ton.

The tender excess that enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd :

'Tis

'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart ;
And fools jest at that for which sages have died.

Each change and excess hath through life been my
doom,

And well can I speak of its joys and its strife :
The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come, then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul ;
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet remove ;
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine
That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by
love.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,
As wearied and wilder'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
And leads me, &c.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;
Her casements sweet woodbines crept wantonly
round,
And deck'd the sod seat at her door.
And deck'd the, &c.

We

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits—and she cull'd me the best ;
 Whilst, thrown from my guard by some glances she
 cast,
 Love sily stole into my breast.

Love sily, &c.

I told my soft wishes—she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
 I have rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd ;
 Yet, take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Yet, take me, &c.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, though sweet were her charms,
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

And lock'd, &c.

Now jocund, together we tend a few sheep ;
 And if, on the banks by a stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Her image, &c.

Together, we range o'er the flow-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
 And mark out new themes for my muse.

And mark out, &c.

To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er could aspire ;
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager, Peace, is well known for her fire ;
 The shepherds have nam'd her Content.

The shepherds, &c.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and love, and laugh with me ;
Cupid is my theme of story ;
'Tis his godship's fame and glory ;
How all yield unto his law !
Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his share of play ;
He makes heroes quit their glory :
He's the god most fam'd in story ;
Bending them unto his law.
Ha ! ha ! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity—piercing hearts :
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions :
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law.
Ha ! ha ! &c.

Some may think these lines not true ;
But they're facts—'twixt me and you :
Then, ye maids and men, be wary
How you meet before you marry.
Cupid's will is solely law.
Ha ! ha ! &c.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you ;
For, though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you, no soul should bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong :
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

And

And, when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

WHEN my money was gone, that I gain'd in
 the wars,
 And the world it did frown at my fate,
 What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,
 When Indifference stood at each gate?

That face that would smile when my purse wa well
 lin'd,
 Shews a different aspect to me;
 And, when I could nought but ingratitude find,
 I hied me again to the sea.

I thought 'twas unjust for to pine at my lot,
 Or to bear with cold looks on the shore;
 I pack'd up my trifling remnants I'd got;
 And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
 Which over my shoulder I threw;—
 Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
 To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind;
 And, when the wide main I survey'd,
 could not help thinking the world was unkind,
 And Fortune a slippery jade.

I swear, if once more I can take her in tow,
 I'll let the ungrateful world see
 That the turbulent winds, and the billows, could
 show
 More kindness than they did to me.

IF life is a bubble, and breaks with a blast,
 You must toss off your wine, if you'd wish it to
 last ;
 For this bubble may well be destroy'd with a puff,
 If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flow'r, as philosophers say,
 'Tis a very good hint, understood the right way ;
 For, if life is a flow'r, any blockhead can tell,
 If you'd have it look fresh, you must moisten it
 well.

This life is no more than a journey, 'tis said,
 Where the roads, for most part, are confoundedly
 bad ;
 Then, let wine be our spur, and each trav'ler will
 own,
 That, whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a theatre liken'd has been,
 Where each man around has a part in the scene :
 'Tis our part to get drunk ; and 'tis matter of fact,
 That the more you all drink, boys, the better you'll
 act.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove ;
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
 The spring our drink bestow'd;
 But, when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other guest came nigh;
 In them was giv'n (though gold was spar'd)
 What gold can never buy.

No value has a splendid lot;
 But has the means to prove,
 That, from the castle to the cot,
 The all of life is love.

THE Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clear falling waters, its murm'ring cascades,

Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids:
 As each his own village will still make the most on,
 In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;
 Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast
 on,

'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots
 on,

Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildair,
 Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and nice powder'd
 hair;

Poor pat, while so blest in his mean, humble station,

For gold, or for acres, he never shall long:—

A a 3

One

One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of his song.

COME, sing round my fav'rite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove ;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is the record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause ;
I only with blushes replied,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

THOUGH prudence may press me
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, ah ! what can they do ?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over :—
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.

The bee, thus as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he 'light on, ne'er wishes to stray,
With raptures possessing,
In one, ev'ry blessing,
Till, torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

THE stag, through the forest, when rous'd by the
horn,
Sore frightened, high bounding, flies wretched, forlorn ;

Quick

Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now in
view,
Speed doubles ! speed doubles ! they eager pursue.

But, escaping the hunters, again through the groves,
Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves :
Not so in his soul, who from tyrant Love flies—
The shaft overtakes him; despairing, he dies.

ERE bright Rosina met my eyes,
How peaceful pass'd the joyous day !
In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the rustic sports can please ;
I live the slave to fond desire,
Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree that, in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain ;
When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,
Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

SEE, beneath yon bow'r of roses,
Sweetly sleeps the heav'nly maid :
'Tis my gentle love reposes ;
Softly tread the sacred shade.

Mark the loves that play around her,
Mark my Ella's graceful mien ;
See the wood-nymphs all surround her,
Hailing Ella Beauty's Queen !

Flatt'ring

Flutt'ring Cupids round descending,
Soft expand their silken wings ;
From the zephyr's breath defending
Ev'ry sweet that round her springs.

Sportive Fancy, hear my prayer—
Gently, from thy airy throne,
Whisper to the sleeping fair,
Edwin lives for her alone.

WHAT are the boasted joys of love ?
By danger won, in fear possess'd,
There scarce is leisure in the breast,
Its wish'd-for state to prove.

How short the hours of bliss we know !
By toil furrow'd, by terror prest !
The heart was never truly blest
That did not tremble too !

NO more I'll court the town-bred fair,
Who shines in artificial beauty ;
For, native charms without compare
Claim all my love, respect, and duty.
Oh, my bonny bonny Bet, sweet blossom !
Were I a king, so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

Yet, ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek, or radiant eye ;
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
Oh, my bonny, &c.

Let

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common ;
 Ye Gods ! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman.
 Oh, my bonny, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing ;
 My heav'n art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing !
 Oh, my bonny, &c.

WHEN Night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,
 And Nature's self was hush'd to sleep,
 When gently blew the midnight breeze,
 Louisa sought the boundless deep.

On a lone beach, in wild despair
 She sat, recluse from soft repose ;
 Her artless sorrows rent the air,
 So sad were fair Louisa's woes.

Three years she nurs'd the pleasing thought,
 Her love, her Henry would return—
 When, ah ! the fatal news was brought,
 The sea was made his wat'ry urn.

Sweet maids, who know the pow'r of love,
 You best can know what she must feel,
 Who, 'gainst adverse fortune, strove
 The tender passion to conceal.

The lovely maid, absorb'd in grief,
 While madness ran through ev'ry vein,
 Poor mourner ! sought from death relief,
 And frantic plung'd into the main !

The

The Heav'ns in pity saw the deed,
The debt the fair-one paid to love,
And bade their angel guard proceed
To bear Louisa's soul above.

WHEN, little, on the village green
We play'd; I learnt to love her :
She seem'd to me some fairy queen,
So light tripp'd Patty Clover,

With ev'ry simple, childish art,
I try'd each day to move her :
The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding-heart,
To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flowers, to deck her breast
I chose—an infant lover ;
I stole the goldfinch from its nest,
To give to Patty Clover.

WHERE rolls the silver Severn's tide,
Amid the flow'ry meads,
Where lofty trees, and landscape wide,
To rural pleasure leads,
There oft I meet a gentle youth,
Who tells a tender tale,
The love, the tenderness, and truth,
Of Colin of the Vale.

My youthful heart he tries to gain;
My bosom takes his part ;
The fairest youth that trips the green,
Yet with a constant heart.

As true to him I'll surely be,
 Such worth must soon prevail;
 No other lad is dear to me,
 But Colin of the Vale.

When next we meet, I'll own my love,
 And soon shall be his br de;
 I'm only coy, his love to prove,
 And not from foolish pride.

But, now I know the constant youth,
 His love will soon prevail;
 At church I'll own my love and truth
 For Colin of the vale.

FAIR Caroline was once my love
 And I was all to her;
 My state I thought ev'n kings above,
 While she did me prefer.

To deck her in each costly gown,
 I list'd in the w r,
 And bade adieu to Dartmouth town,
 To try my fate afar.

I brav'd the hottest of the fight,
 As was a soldier's due;
 Convinc'd my country's cause was right,
 And many a foe I slew.

At last kind Peace her olive wav'd,
 And Dartmouth town I fought;
 And many a gem, in plunder sav'd,
 To Caroline I brought.

But she refus'd my hard-got means,
 And deem'd my visit bold;
 For love, the boast of happier scenes,
 Was barter'd since for gold.

Adieu!

Adieu ! false Caroline, adieu !
'Tis hard with life to part ;
But harder still, to think that you
Should break a foldier's heart !

NO wonder, no wonder, I'm now seen to grieve,
Who was wont to be lively and smart ;
Nor can any my sorrows relieve,
But Patty, the girl of my heart.

Her absence Ill ne'er cease to mourn,
Nor my pangs of distress to impart
To the world, till I gain a return
Of Patty, the girl of my heart.

With an anxious impatience I burn :
And sooner with life would I part,
Than wait in suspense the return
Of Patty, the girl of my heart.

But she hastes, and forbids me to mourn ;
Nay, she tells me she'll ne'er again part :—
And I now bless the happy return
Of Patty, the girl of my heart.

T H E E N D .



